Illustrated Midland News.

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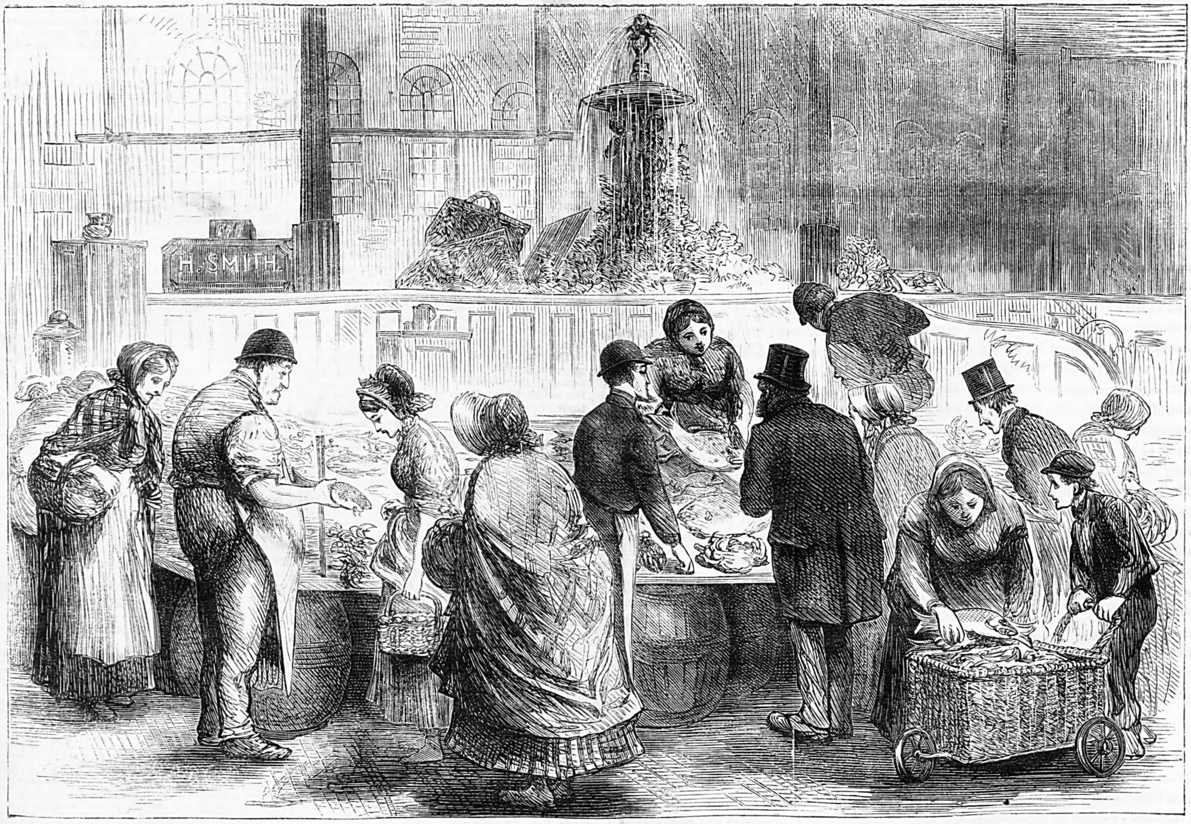
MIDLAND FISH.

There is something paradoxical in the term. Birmingham, the metropolis of this group of counties, is very close to the centre of our island, and is almost as far from the four seas as it is possible for the Englishman to get so long as he remains at home. Yet the capital of the Midlands is one of the chief fish depôts in the country. From all points of the compass into this one gigantic town immense stores of fish are coming, during every hour and every minute of our lives, at the highest practicable rate of speed, as if the laws of gravitation were reversed, and the seas had given up their tenants to the safest custody that the island would afford. In the town of Birmingham to-day it would not be possible to find another scene so strikingly illustrative of the change that has come over our means and modes of life within the last half century as that which forms the subject of the sketch presented on this page. Birmingham has had a market for something like a thousand years, and we may be assured that in this central situation, so well suited for the gathering together of buyers and sellers from a group of fertile counties, inhabited by as industrious and thrifty a population as any in the Kingdom, all articles of production and manufacture capable of being displayed for sale have been bartered at Birmingham Market at any and every period since men met together for commercial purposes; but never, we may be certain, during all those thousand years, until within the memory of living men, had the people of Birmingham an opportunity of seeing a display of fresh fish on their stalls like that which our artist has depicted. That was one of the very few luxuries, attainable by their contemporaries, which the population of these counties lacked. Before the days of railways the attendants at Birmingham Market would have been as much astonished at the spectacle presented now every day upon these stalls as if a full rigged ship had sailed up the principal street of the town. And, independently of the fact of the vessel being out of its element, that would have been a surprising spectacle to most beholders; for until we inquire into and reflect upon the conditions under which a large proportion of our neighbours live we are wholly unprepared for the defective state of their experience. If we were to poll the present three hundred thousand inhabitants of Birmingham as to their knowledge of the sea and shipping we should find, even in these days of cheap excursions, that many thousands of grown up men and women have never seen the waves beat upon the cliffs and beaches of our narrow island. It has not fallen to their lot to look upon a steam-boat or a sailing vessel, and the life of the fishermen and mariners dwelling on our coasts is to them a matter of imagination rather than of reality. These are facts that come to light now and then, enabling us to realize how long a time it takes, by any process, to reach and to influence the entire mass of our fellow-creatures, and they help us to understand how very little the people of a few generations ago knew of those things which lay outside the orbit of their daily existence. Fifty years since there were a hundred thousand inhabitants in this town, and only a small proportion of them had ever seen specimens of the sorts of fish which they buy now every day at a few pence per pound, though those creatures were as plentiful then in the Eastern, the Western, and the Southern seas as they are in our own time, and the art of catching them was known, probably, to the earliest dwellers on our coasts. But the change itself is not so remarkable as the extent of it. The current, having once set in, soon became a torrent. In matters relating to merchandise the attraction of great populations is very powerful. From being practically unsupplied with fish, Birmingham has grown to be one of the places the most bountifully served of any in the Kingdom.



BIRMINGHAM MARKET HALL: THE FISH STALLS.

Go to market at Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Harwich, Brixham, Plymouth, or any fishing town or village on the three coasts, and you will certainly not find a choice of excellent fish purchasable at reasonable prices like that presented at Birmingham Market. At an average a hundred tons of fish per day is imported into Birmingham. The quantity is scarcely credible until we learn that this is a wholesale emporium whence a large district is served. Other great towns in various parts of the country get large importations of fish of certain kinds from particular quarters, but Birmingham, by the fact of its central position, is independent of those partialities. There is no fishing place on our coasts that does not send to this market. The mackarel of the North Sea compete with those of the Irish Channel; the herrings of the Yarmouth Roads with those of Scotland and Norway. And it has come to this, that Birmingham, instead of being, as in the olden time, outside the fisherman's pale, is, to some extent, a source of supply to border districts. From here the fish of the East coast are dispatched to Wales and the North West country, and in the splendid new hotels that have grown up of late years in fashionable watering-places visitors dine sometimes, within hearing of the songs of the sea waves, upon fine specimens of fish despatched two or three hours before from the centre of the Midlands. The system of sale is similar to that adopted in London. The catch of fish is sent off without an hour's loss of time from the coast to the Birmingham salesman, who makes the best price he can of it, takes his commission, and hands over the balance to the sender. There is a a mutual reliance between those who catch fish and those who receive and sell them, the like of which is not to be found in connection with the smaller transactions of trade, and the principle is found to answer admirably. The fish trade of Birmingham has been largely developed during the last two or three years, by dint of considerable local encouragement. Before that time all the business, extensive as it was even then, was transacted in the open streets outside the Market Hall, and when telegrams arrived during the day of great hauls of fish awaiting consignment, it was often found necessary to reply that the supply could not be received at Birmingham for want of a place in which to deposit it. That state of things was partially remedied by setting apart for the sale and deposit of fish the plot of ground on which the new fish market is at this moment in process of completion, adjoining the Market Hall near the Bull-Ring, and the accommodation, imperfect as it was, is reported to have increased the amount of business done a hundred per cent., and to have largely reduced the price to the consumer. Next Monday this new fish market will be opened for buying and selling, but it will be devoted mainly to the accommodation of the wholesale trade, and the long line of stalls in the Market Hall, of which we have given a sample in our picture, will continue to be supplied—perhaps more plentifully than ever—with fish for the retail buyer. These stalls are an interesting feature in this most interesting market; the quality and variety of the supply are something remarkable to visitors who have been accustomed to sea-side marts; and, familiar as we are with the wonders of rapid communication, the time has not yet come when the reflective traveller will cease to take note of the still striking fact that this display is made at a point of land of the utmost possible remoteness from the seas.

VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE !

The age of paganism is past, but we continue to worship idols. The form changes from time to time, but the substance remains. A curious example of superstition has been placed before our eyes within the last few weeks. Our neighbours, the French, have set up an image, and have gone down on their knees to worship it with a rare devotion since the fourth of September. The new fetish is the Republic. The virtues attributed to this deity are numerous and remarkable; its attributes are little short of omnipotence. There is no deed of goodness, of greatness, of power which it is not capable of performing. No matter that it fails at every point; no matter that every promise made in its name has been broken; no matter that while France has been living under its protecting shield the enemy has gathered round about and almost annihilated the nation. Superstition does not examine facts. Faith is boundless; distrust is sacrilege; the gods must not be doubted, though the heavens should fall. The high priests of the wondrous, invincible, mighty Being invoked on the fourth of September are the members of the Government. Their pious zeal is an example to the more humble devotees whom they have called round to assist in the new order of worship. An Emperor had capitulated. Marshals had been foiled. Armies had been broken in pieces. French gallantry had melted away; French military ardour had been found wanting; French soldiers had forgotten their old glories: but the Republic would save the country. It would drive the enemy from the gates; it would relieve the sacred soil from the presence of the accursed foreigner; it would restore the ancient honours of the first of countries and the greatest of peoples. In these days of infamous capitulations, says the prophet Gambetta, there is one thing that will not capitulate, and that is the French Republic. What is this French Republic which thus affects the imaginations and excites the almost religious fervour of those so faithful devotees? If it is not a substantial power, a palpable and potent agency, which is to save and regenerate France, it should, at least, be a lofty principle, a noble idea, a something capable of affording real strength to this people in the hour of their trial. When we come to examine it inspection is baffled. It is a mere name, that does not represent a living reality. There is no Republic to get enthusiastic about. A few men met in a public place one day, and called themselves a Government. They are a mere self-elected committee, permitted for a time—and probably for a very brief time—to manage public affairs. Where is the grand abstraction which has taken shape and been promoted to the place of a great national idol? What is this thing that will drive out the accursed foreigner, that will restore the honour of France, and that will not capitulate, though fortresses and cities fall and though every inch of soil should be in the occupation of the invaders? Talked of in the manner in which the French have talked of it these eight weeks the Republic is almost the exact counterpart of one of those beneficent but indefinite deities on which barbarian pagans rely to console them in misfortune, to inspire them with courage, to render them invincible in battle, to confound their adversaries. They evidently expect the Republic, by some mysterious and unseen process, to organize their forces, to endow them with discipline, to make cowards brave, to change incompetent officers into great commanders, and to compass the salvation of France in defiance of the ordinary laws of cause and effect. This, like all forms of superstition, is delusive and dangerous, and is apt to be fatal. It is unworthy of a great civilized people like the French. It is mere mock thunder, that diverts their attention from the real facts of the situation, and from the deeds, and the policy that are demanded of them. Men of superior culture and intellectual gifts, those political leaders ought to know that there is really nothing at all to admire in the *de facto* French Government. It would be a good and wholesome thing on their part to acknowledge that it is nothing more than a weak, miserable, makeshift, a mere substitute for a Government, holding its poor, feeble power by no other right than the right of usurpation. A French Republic may be an excellent thing, and perform great deeds by and by. But at present there is nothing in France that deserves the name, and all the devotion, and enthusiasm, and fervid trust in the idol is a mistake. If those gentlemen at Tours and the Hotel de Ville at Paris had time and opportunity to make themselves acquainted with what is going on among the peoples around them they would discover that their superstition has little or no influence upon even the most impressionable of their neighbours. They would learn, perhaps to their horror, that the very name of a Republic has been seriously discounted by reason of the spectacle presented by the doings and the misfortunes of this poor French Committee. In Italy Mazzini gets the cold shoulder and Garibaldi is out of the people's books. In Germany the spirit of imitation is not strong enough, among even the most advanced Democrats, to follow the sinister and ill-omened example of the foe whom they have conquered. Spain, which, less than a year ago, was convulsed by Republican movements, makes haste to take a young fellow from Florence to be its King. "Vive la Republique!" has become an ominous and mournful cry. It has lost its charm. For the second time in a century whatever chance Republicanism had of gaining ground in Europe has been destroyed by the deterrent example of France.

PRICKLY PEOPLE.

"There is no rose without a thorn," the proverb assures us. Possibly. But it is at least equally true that you will find plenty of thorns where you may look in vain for roses.

It is the fashion now to laud salient idiosyncrasies of character, and to eulogise the individuality of the individual." A very wholesome tendency, if judiciously conducted, and not carried to ridiculous extremes. The Laureate's friend, declaiming against urban life, complains that—

> ——ground in yonder social mill,
> "We rub each other's angles down."
> And merge in outward form and gloss
> The picturesque of man and man.

Nor is the complaint without its justification—one of the most *ennui*-engendering peculiarities of society being that its Cæsars and Pompeys are so *very* much alike. Yet it must be remembered, *per contra*, that there are some people whose angles *require* rubbing down; but, to the subduing of whose prickly peculiarities, even the hard attrition of the social mill is lamentably inadequate. It is not everyone whose "angularities" are so agreeable and mirth-moving as those of old Grewgious, in Dickens's unfinished romance. Originality is ever qiquant: but an irrational and obtrusive singularity of conduct, a perverse thorniness of temper, a wrong-headed nonconformity with wholesome and graceful *convenances*—these are simply social nuisances. We all know, to our sorrow, the blatant and conceited boor who prides himself upon being "a plain, straightforward man, sir," and upon "always speaking his mind," in defiance of all and sundry. The same relation that his swinish coarseness and obstinacy bear to genuine integrity and candour, does prickliness of deportment bear to real individuality of character.

The "fretful porcupines" of the community are no more likely to escape the attention of the social physiognomist, than thorns and nettles the notice of an amateur botanist. They make their presence known in the most unmistakable, though least agreeable, fashion. But, whereas the holly and the hedgehog use *their* prickliness in self-defence, their human analogues, our "prickly people," are spitefully and wantonly aggressive. They pride themselves upon being sensitive, upon being straightforward, upon being uncompromisingly conscientious; but it might be fearlessly asserted that moral "prickles" spring invariably from an incontinent self-conceit, and are poisoned with the gall and verjuice of ill-temper.

Take, first, as perhaps the least aggressive, but certainly not the least aggravating, specimens of the class, the people who "tiff." You know what a "tiff" is. It is one of the smallest and most contemptible of human besetments. It has neither the sprightliness of a squabble, nor the dignity of a full-grown "row." It is to a quarrel what a feminine "sniff" is to a Swiftian sneer; what a small cynic's carping is to Juvenalian satire. The pettinesses, the peevishnesses, and the perversities of small and crooked natures find expression in periodical "tiffs"—the teapot-tempests of little tempers.

People who tiff are as sensitive to "slights" as the mimosa to touch, and as prompt as the nettle to resent the slightest collision with their morbid tetchiness. Being eternally on the look out for affronts, they construe the most innocent remarks and the most trivial circumstances into grave injuries and deliberate insults. They will not deign—lofty souls!—to challenge explanation; but, retiring upon their comforting consciousness of superior sensibility, mourn in mute reproachfulness, or sulk in silent dignity. Their unsuspecting intimates marvel at the change, but wot not the cause. The misunderstanding may end, according to circumstances and the temper of the parties interested, either in some gushing "making-up" or in final estrangement. Better for the confirmed "tiffer's" associates if it be the latter; for with this particular specimen of prickly people it is impossible to live long on terms of comfort and dignity.

People who tiff are most numerous among the feminine ranks. Another class of prickly people—the people who "stand upon their rights"—are their male counterparts. The man who stands upon his rights is a bore of the first magnitude. He is always involving himself—and, what is worse, his unhappy friends—in the most needless and unreasonable squabbles. He is eternally in collision with the powers that be, and at ever-loggerheads with officials of all sorts and degrees. He is jealously suspicious of all rules, regulations, bye-laws and ordinances, however wholesome and reasonable they may be, or however conducive to the comfort of the public at large. Where other people acknowledge wise restriction or prudent precaution, he scents tyranny, injustice, and infringement of his personal rights, Personal independence is a fine thing, and genuine public spirit is as invaluable as it is rare. But the blatent self-importance and bustling meddlesomeness of the man who stands upon his rights are simply egregious caricatures of those excellent qualities. The vigorous assertion of the rights of the individual or of the public is often a very salutary and necessary proceeding; but the smooth working of the social machine necessitates a reasonable amount of mutual forbearance, and the man who is incapable of genial tolerance and gracious concession is unfit for civilised society.

There are few subjects upon which more pernicious cant has been talked and printed than this question of "rights." Our fathers talked raving rubbish about the "rights of man." We indulge in noisy twaddle about the "rights of woman;" the "rights of children," and the liberties of infants in arms, will possibly afford scope for the incontinent babble of our posterity. Rights! The theme is a grand one enough; but noisy and incompetent busy-bodies have given it an evil odour in the nostrils of sense and sanity. They give the word too narrow and selfish a construction. The man who stood upon *all* his rights would be a social pest. Some rights are not *worth* claiming; others cannot be peremptorily insisted on without bitter wrong to the conscience, the comfort, or the sensibility of others, and despite to the "higher law" of charity and courtesy. A man may have a clear legal right to just so many feet of foot-way, or so many inches of railway cushion; but, the man who will always imperatively insist upon that right, in defiance of all the claims of human kindness, good nature, and common sense, is simply a wrong-headed boor. "The man who stands upon his rights" is just the person to do this sort of thing, and brave with churlish stolidity the angry wrangling or silent contempt that may result. Will Bounceby yield an inch of space to panting obesity; or give the front place to little Miss Lilliput, over whose head he can so easily look; or, momentarily doff his view-obstructing beaver in favour of the eager urchin behind him; or, let that breathless needlewoman scramble into the carriage which already contains its regulation compliment; or, good-naturedly wink at little harmless violations of social punctilio or official routine? Not Bounceby! *He* stands upon his rights. He is, consequently, always in collision with some one or other, and engaged in perpetual disputes and quarrels, in which, though he may often have legal rule, and most frequently final victory, on his side, his conduct is always petty, and often harsh and unjust. He is a prickly person of the most aggravated type.

Time would fail to tell of all the varieties of the prickly species. The "aggravating woman"—in the delineation of which feminine terror Dickens was such a master-hand—is a "perogative instance" of prickliness. The people who tiff may be avoided; the people who stand upon their rights *may* be put down; but the aggravating woman is nettle and burr in one—nettle-like in her venom, burr-like in her tenacity. She cannot be avoided; she cannot be shaken off; she cannot be conciliated, or reasoned with, or silenced, or set down. Heaven help the man who is afflicted with *such* a thorn in the flesh!

Hyper-conscientious people, again—individuals who make a fetish of their "principles," who eternally obtrude their assertion in all companies and regard all tolerance and courteous reticence as a compromise of their integrity, and a concession to the Powers of Darkness—are very prickly people indeed. The man who obtrusively stands upon his principles is only a shade less detestable than the man who selfishly stands upon his rights. Conscience, pure and simple, is the salt of character; but conscience, plus conceit and minus intelligence, is an exasperating compound; and, withal, as poor a thing, intrinsically, as the pride that apes humility, or any other Pharisaic or Philistine sham.

This brief enumeration by no means exhausts the instances that might be advanced of those prevalent pests of society—"prickly people." Mimosas, thorns, nettles, or briars, they are all obnoxious, both to reason and to taste, to justice and to comfort; needlessly multiplying the minor miseries of life, and wantonly perpetuating its petty feuds. Life is a thorny path, say the moralists. Granted! Surely, then, its inevitable burrs and brambles need no supplementing by the prickles of human perversity. — *London Figaro.*

Rosseter's Hair Restorer is the only preparation which can be confidently relied upon for restoring grey hair to its original colour. It assists nature in supplying the colouring properties which may have become deficient through age or disease. Price 3s. 6d. per bottle. [628

Diet for the Million.—Wealth no longer monopolises the luxuries of life. Persons in the most moderate circumstances can have a delicious dessert daily for a sum so trifling that it is scarcely worth naming. They can take their choice of fifty delicate dishes (each one of which the most fastidious epicure would smack his lips over), at a cost which, in these dear times, may well be called nominal. Custards, creams, blanc-mange, Charlotte Russe puddings, pies, creams, cakes, and jellies are included in this cheap and varied bill of fare. Sea Moss Farine is the most health-giving, delicious, and economical food in the world; composed entirely of refined sea-moss, and prepared with such delicacy as to retain only its nutritious qualities and exquisite flavour. A shilling packet will produce sixteen quarts of blanc-mange, custard pudding, &c. It is certainly incomparable in cheapness, excellence, and the facility with which it can be placed upon the tables of either rich or poor. In shilling packets of all Grocers and Chemists.—Rand Sea Moss Farine Co., 266, High Holborn, London. [21

THE WAR.

The fall of Metz is the event of the week. It is scarcely inferior in importance to the capitulation at Sedan. It is the death blow to the last hope of France. The news was published in England on Friday morning, in the shape of a telegram from King William at Homburg to Queen Augusta, which ran thus:—

> This morning the army of Marshal Bazaine and the fortress of Metz capitulated with 150,000 prisoners, including 20,000 sick and wounded. This afternoon the army and garrison will lay down their arms. This is one of the most important events of the month. Providence be thanked!

On the following day the particulars came in an amended form as follows, from the Prussian head-quarters at Versailles:—

> The capitulation of Metz was signed yesterday (26th) evening. The forts and town will be occupied to-morrow. The total number of prisoners is 173,000, including three marshals and over 6,000 officers. A salute of 101 guns has been ordered to be fired at Berlin in honour of the event.

> The *Official Staatsanzeiger* of Friday, referring to the capitulation of Metz, says: "By this event the strongest point of the line of the Moselle has again been transferred to the German arms, and it is now an absolute necessity for military and strategical reasons firmly to keep this defensive bulwark in German hands."

The *Daily News* stole a march upon its contemporaries on Monday morning with an able telegraph report of the capitulation of Metz nearly two columns in length. We select a few extracts from that report which was copied in full in Tuesday's *Times*:—

> At noon on the 25th, Bazaine sent Prince Frederick Charles an autograph letter, asking another conference, and, accordingly, the Germans sent General Stichle, Chief of the Staff of the 2nd Army, and Count Wartensleben, Chief of the Staff of the 1st Army, once more to Frescati. The interview, which took place in the afternoon, lasted three hours. It was at first stormy on the part of the French Commissioners, but resulted in their conversion to the main points of the German terms. The first difficulty was concerning the officers keeping their side-arms, on which Marshal Bazaine insisted. The point was finally referred to the King, and conceded by his Majesty in a despatch received at three a.m. on the 27th. By agreement the conference was resumed early the same morning, and it lasted until eight o'clock at night, when the capitulation was signed for the absolute surrender of Metz and all its fortifications, armaments, stores, and munitions, and for the surrender, on the same conditions as were arranged at Sedan, of all the garrison and the whole of Bazaine's army, consisting of three Marshals of France, sixty-six Generals, 6,000 officers, and 173,000 troops.

The Germans, this correspondent says, were astounded at this result—an army and fortress capitulating to an investing army larger than itself by only a small fraction. It was arranged that Major Sandkuhl, Chief of the Engineers of the 2nd Corps, was to enter Metz at ten a.m. on Friday morning, and to withdraw the mines from under the forts, preparatory to the safe entry of the 7th Corps, which is to remain to guard the city and prisoners. The remainder of the 1st Army was immediately to depart for Paris and the South, where Prince Frederick Charles is to have Lyons for his head-quarters. All this, however, was postponed for twenty-four hours, in consequence of the backwardness of the French authorities arising out of internal disorders. At ten o'clock on Saturday morning the forts were taken possession of by the artillery of the 7th Corps. On Saturday afternoon the Imperial Guard marched out of Metz with their arms and laid them down at Frescati, while passing in review before the Prince. This honour was accorded to the Imperial Guard alone, all the rest of the troops having deposited their arms in the Metz arsenals, and then marched into their cantonments outside the town to await their transfer to Germany. The Imperial Guard were received by the Prussian troops with respectful dignity, and not a jeering word was heard, nor an indecently exultant look seen. It appears to be believed in Metz than Bazaine might have avoided being shut up in the citadel. His movements are said to have lacked determination, and even to have been frivolous in the last two sorties. These facts are put down to the account of a *complot* with the Regency, according to which his army was to try to remain in *statu quo* until the conclusion of the war in Western France, and then become available, with Prussian consent, for Bonapartist purposes, Bazaine himself, expecting in that case to be the Governor of the Imperial Prince and the virtual Regent. Nearly all the people of Metz entertain these views. During the whole of the investment Bazaine, it is said, has never been seen in the camp except on extraordinary occasions; never at all in the ambulance, and hardly ever in the city. He rarely, if ever, said a word to encourage the troops. Canrobert sometimes cheered their patience a little, and then they would cry, "*Vive Canrobert!' 'A Bas Bazaine!'* Towards the last, he dared not, it is said, for fear of assassination, show himself to his own men. And the terribly relaxed discipline was the cause of the hasty surrender at a time when there was still another week's rations for everybody on hand. On the morning of the 29th five soldiers lay dead of starvation at Montigny, while the Staff still indulged in luxurious meals, and four day's rations were given to the entire army that morning, while they had received none for two days previously. For the last five weeks the amputations have been performed without chloroform or ether, and the wounds dressed without carbolic acid. There are more than 19,000 sick and wounded, and 35,000 persons have died in the town alone during the siege, the greater part from lack of proper care. The prevailing diseases are variole, spotted typhus, and dysentry. When the surrender became known the people were furious. The National Guard refused to lay down their arms, and on the 29th, in the afternoon, a dragoon captain appeared at the head of a body of troops, who swore they would sooner die than yield; while Albert Collignon, editor of an ultra-Democratic daily paper, the *Journal de Metz*, rode about on a white horse firing a pistol, and exhorting them to sally out and seek death or victory, to escape the impending shame. He was followed by a lady singing the '*Marseillaise*,' which produced terrible excitement. The doors of the Cathedral were burst open, and tocsin and funeral bell rung nearly all night. When General Coffiniere appeared to pacify them, three pistol shots were fired at him. Finally, by the aid of two line of regiments, he quietly dispersed the mob. But all night the sounds of grief, indignation, and terror were kept up. Respectable women ran about the streets tearing their hair and flinging their bonnets and laces under their feet, wildly crying aloud, 'What will become of our children?'' Soldiers, drunk and sober, tumbled hither and thither in irregular troops, with their caps off and their sabres broken, crying, sobbing, and weeping like children, 'Oh, poor Metz, once the proudest of cities! What a misfortune! What an unheard of catastrophe! We have been sold. All is lost. It is all up with France,' and so on. The civil functionaries asked each other across the streets, 'Who will be our master? Who will govern us? Where shall we go so that we may not see the ruin that has come upon the nation?'

The entire army besieging Metz voluntarily gave up their bread rations, on Saturday, to feed their French captives. This deeply touched the people of Metz, and did much to relieve their fears. Bazaine himself declined the generous proposal of the Prince to let all the troops lay down their arms outside their works in view of their victims, instead of laying them down in the arsenal. He could not guarantee their behaviour in such a case. The Imperial Guard alone had preserved their discipline well enough to be deemed worthy of the trust of passing in armed review. The inhabitants never ceased to hope until the last for the arrival of Bourbaki's army from Lille, but the troops within the last few weeks would no longer be deceived, as they got better information through the German outposts. Hence their demoralisation, due largely to hunger, was bitterly and loudly complained of by their officers. At 4 on Saturday afternoon Bazaine passed through Ars, on his way to Wilhelmshohe, in a close carriage, marked with his name, and escorted by several officers of his staff on horseback. The women of the village had heard of his arrival, and awaited him with exclamations of "Traitor!" "Coward!" "Sneak!" "Thief!" &c. "Where are our husbands whom you have betrayed? Give us back our children whom you have sold!" They attacked the carriage, and broke the windows with their fists, and would have lynched him but for the intervention of the Prussian gendarmes. The general impression now is that France exists no longer. They credit Paris with less resisting force than Metz; more reflecting people, however, believe that the war will not end till after the fall of Paris.

A day or two before the news of the capitulation of Metz M. Gambetta, at Tours, sent out a despatch, saying:—

> You will inform the mayors of all your communes that resistance to the enemy is more than ever the order of the day; that everyone must do his duty, especially the municipal magistrates, who cannot do less than the mobilised National Guards, after the heroic examples set by open towns, such as Châteaudun, Saint Quentin, and others, and also by villages guarded exclusively by companies of firemen. It is an absolute necessity that each town and each commune should pay its debt to the national defence, and that everyone should be conscious of the duty imposed upon France. The towns and communes which should surrender without having attempted resistance shall be donounced to the country through the *Moniteur*.

That was an unfavourable preparation for the calamitous intelligence which was to follow. On Friday it was followed by a circular despatch in which he says:—

> I heard from several quarters serious news, respecting the veracity of which we have no official information whatever, despite our active inquiry. A rumour has been circulated asserting the capitulation of Metz; it is well you should know the opinion of the Government on the announcement of such a disaster. Such an event can only be the result of crime, the authors of which should be put out of the pale of the law. I shall keep you informed, but be assured, whatever happens, we shall not allow ourselves to be overcome by the most terrible misfortune. In these days of infamous capitulations there is one thing that must not crpitulate, and that is the French Republic.

A proclamation issued on Sunday, signed by Gambetta, Cremieux, and Glais-Bizoin, declares that Marshal Bazaine has committed treason in the surrender of Metz. "He made himself," it says, "the agent of the Man of Sedan and the accomplice of the invader, and, disregarding the honour of the army of which he had charge, he surrendered without even attempting to make a supreme effort, 125,000 combatants, and the strongest citadel of France, Metz, until now a virgin, free from the contamination of the foreigner. Such a crime is beyond even the chastisement of justice. And now, Frenchmen, measure the depth of the abyss into which you have been hurled by the Empire. In less than two months 225,000 men have been delivered up to the enemy. Sinister epilogue of the *Coup d Etat of December*."

"Frenchmen!—(the document proceeds)—Our cause is that of justice and right. Europe sees and feels it. Witnessing so many undeserved misfortunes, without having received from us either invitation or adhesion, she is spontaneously moved and agitated. No illusions! Let us not permit ourselves to languish or to become enervated; but let us prove, by deeds, that we will and are able, by our own resources, to maintain our honour, independence, and integrity—all that makes a country free and proud. Long live France and the Republic, one and indivisible"

We add a few minor items of the war news of the week. Apropo of the German occupation of Orleans a telegram states, that all the shops are closed, and the women are all in mourning. The Prussian military band plays every evening, but the inhabitants make a point of remaining indoors.

General Bourbaki has issued a proclamtion, at Lille, in which he says "All my endeavours tend to the creation as speedily as possible of an active Army Corps, which, provided with a war *matériel*, can take the field and proceed to the assistance of the fortresses. To fulfil this difficult task, and to make our implacable enemy pay dear for each step on our territory, concord and confidence must reign among us, and our hearts must be animated by only one wish—to save and avenge our unhappy France.

Going to press long before the week's news is completed, we cannot report the issue of the negociations for an armistice. On Tuesday and Wednesday M. Thiers had got so far as to have interviews with the Count Von Bismarck at Versaillies, after waiting upon the French Governments at Tours and Paris. At that time the prospects of peace did not look promising. The Prussians appeared to have taken up a very firm attitude, and the Parisian Government had not shown syptoms of a disposition to make large concessions. Not much has been doing in and around Paris during the week. The bombardment seems to have been delayed pending the negociations. There are reports of the approach of the failure of provisions in the capital. The prisoners from Metz are forwarded rapidly to Germany.

WAR ITEMS.

On the occasion of his 70th birthday General Moltke has been raised by the King to the rank of a Count.

The three Marshals reported as belonging to the army captured by the Germans at Metz are Bazaine, Canrobert, and Lebœuf.

The *Official Gazette* intimates to all Garibaldian volunteers that they lose their right of citizenship in Italy by taking military service abroad.

The Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles have been made Field Marshals. Prince Frederick Charles will assume the command of the Southern Army.

Letters received from Greece announce that the Hellenic Government has recognised the Frencch Republic, expressing at the same its friendly feeling towards France.

The resignation of Rear-Admiral Bouet de Williaumez on account of ill-health has been accepted. Admiral Pentnant succeeds to the command of the Northern squadron.

Prince Polignac, who served with the Confederates during the American war, is about to receive a command in the East of France, and will combine his operations with Generals Cambriels and Garibaldi.

Marshal Bazaine with his suite, comprising Colonel Vielitte, Comte Mornay, Viscompte Gudin, and Lieutenant Bazaine, arrived at the Hotel du Nord, Cassel, at 10-5 a.m. on Monday from Pont-a-Mousson, under escort.

The *Indépendance Belge* of Tuesday publishes a letter from General Boyer, aide-de-camp of Marshal Bazaine, refuting the charges of treason brought forward by M. Gambetta, and concluding, "We have capitulated by famine."

A band of volunteers, calling themselves the "Wild Boars of the Ardennes," joined to another called the "Railway Destroyers," recently caused a German train to run off the line between Launois and Sauless. A great many Germans were killed.

A Marseilles man has invented a loopholed knapsack, by means of which 50 men could fight 200 without risk of being killed or wounded. It has been submitted to the examination of the Committee of National Defence, who have reported favourably upon it.

The ironworks and dockyard establishments of Marseilles and Le Seyne have ceased shipbuilding, in order that the workmen may be employed in the fabrication of guns and mitrailleuses. Contracts have been made to deliver 120 rifled guns of eight centrimetres and mitrailleuses.

The official *Staatsanzieger* states that the result of the investigation ordered into the cause of the explosion at Laon confirms the fact that the Commandant Thereman was entirely innocent in the matter. The probability is that one of the superintendents of the artillery, who was killed by the explosion, fired the magazine.

The number of inhabitants of Berlin belonging to the reserve of Landwehr who have been called on for service is 35,000, or nearly five per cent. of the population. This, however, is considerably above the average of the whole country. More than 13,000 of their wives, having no means of support, have to be maintained by the city.

THE NEW FRENCH LOAN.—M. Schneider, late President of the French Chamber, has addressed a letter to M. Laurier, of which the following is a translation:—I do not think that the validity of the loan of the National Defence can be called in question. Such a debt, no one can doubt it, ought to be, and will be, sacred with all Frenchmen. I shall protest, therefore, againt any intention which may be attributed to me of ever repudiating this debt, which is the debt of France.

A PEN FOR COUNT BISMARCK.—Paris is not yet taken, but the pen with which Couns Bismarck is to sign the treaty of peace is already prepared. Herr Bissenger, of Pforzheim, has manufactured out of massive gold an imitation of an ordinary stout goosequill. The quill itself is polished, in order that it may be more conveniently handled, but the feather closely resembles a real quill, every fibre being represented, while the back of the feather is thickly studdied with brilliants, and below them a count's coronet and Bismarck's monogram are engraved. Besides the engraver and maker, two goldsmiths were engaged on it for five weeks. The gold employed is of eighteen carats, and that part in which the brilliants are set is of twenty-one carats.

PARIS FASHIONS BY BALLOON.—The *Tribune de Bordeaux* publishes a letter on the fashions of the seasons at Paris. It begins as follows:—"I send you my letter on the fashions by balloon post. I hope it will reach you, and in spite of William and his innumerable and disgraceful escort the heroic city of Paris will not cease to dictate to the whole world the supreme laws of elegance and good taste. Some slight changes have been introduced into the present fashions. There is especially a perceptible change in the mode of dressing the hair. Taking advantage of the flight of certain personages who had gray, thin, or red hair, and who inflicted on fashion their indispensable false hair, our Parisian ladies have at once restored to liberty their own locks, so long hid under the despotic, artificial chignon. Brown plaits, carefully smoothed down, light ringlets, at once graceful and natural, have alone adorned for some days the delicate and pretty heads of our young ladies, who are delighted to have their most beautiful adornments restored to them." The writer then proceeds to describe at great length the costumes of the season, stating, among other things, that volans, ruches, and bouillonnés begin to disappear, with tournure à la Pompadour and jupes superposées à la Marie Antoinette. Quiet colours are in favour, and there is great sobriety in the use of jewels. "This," says the writer, in conclusion, "is a kind of delicate homage rendered to the mourning and grief of the mothers, the wives, the sisters, and the orphans who have now to deplore the loss of those dear to them, who have fallen victims to the cruel vanity of the tyrants of France and Prussia."

HOUSEHOLD.

INK STAINS.—A cloth dipped in a solution of oxalic acid, says *Cassell's Household Guide*, will clean ink off paint without injuring the pigment.

BEETLES AND CRICKETS.—Strong snuff in the crevices and the parings of cucumbers near the holes are very obnoxious to these creatures, and will compel them to seek fresh quarters.

CHILDRENS' SLEEP.—Dr. Gardner, of New York, in a paper on sleep, says:—"I have adopted a rule in regard to the sleep of children. I send them to bed at a certain hour, for a week. If, during that time, they have awakened at too early an hour, I permit them to retire a half-hour later, until the time is so gauged that they awake from a sufficiency of sleep at the required hour without being called."

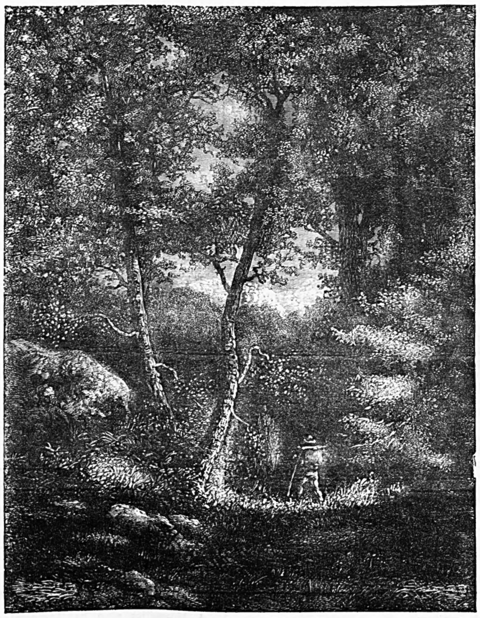
FEATHER BEDS.—After feather beds have been in use for some four or five years, it is a point of good management to re-dress the feathers. This should be done in a room from which the furniture has been removed. They must be turned out of the ticks, and all clotted lumps broken to pieces, and the softness and elasticity of the whole thus restored. They should then be placed, a few handfulls at a time, in a fine wire or wicker sieve, the dust and other impurities sifted from them, and any stray quills which may happen to remain should be removed. The ticks should of course be washed, or new ones can, if necessary, be substituted. Pillows should be treated in the same way.—*Cassell's Household Guide.*

OZOKERIT.—The following article appears in the current monthly number of the *Chemist and Druggist*:—If we could have printed in our last issue the information which we now propose to give, the *Chemist and Druggist* for that month would have been worth its weight in gold. At that time the Ozokerit problem was fairly dividing with the European war the attention of the public, and perhaps at every table in the land where a newspaper ever finds its way, guesses were made as to the character of the mysterious stranger. Certainly the annals of advertising record no parallel to the skill and courage combined, whereby Messrs. J. C. and J. Field have introduced their new candles to the public. Something was required beside skill and courage, however; the estimates of Messrs. Field's expenditure during the three months of suspense which they occasioned us, made by those clever people who know all about the business of others, varying from £20,000 to £60,000. It was, says a witty daily contemporary, "a s-*candle*-ous if not a *wicked* proceeding." We may at once assume that the printed history of ozokerit, as far as advertisements have revealed it, is familiar to all our readers; what we wish to do is to supplement this with the information gathered from a personal inspection of the manufacture, and which we think has a special interest for chemists. Ozokerit is a mineral substance, chemically a hydro-carbon, found chiefly in Moldavia and on the shores of the Caspian Sea. It is a singular fact that specimens of this very substance have been lying in some of our museums for years. labelled with the name, and yet attracting so little attention that it perhaps never occurred to the most industrious curiosity-searcher, when he saw the title advertised, that he had heard of it before. But no commercial use seems to have been made of the substance until Messrs. Field, attracted by noticing its brilliant light when burned, decided to experiment on it with the object of making candles. To all appearance this was a most unpromising idea. The ozokerit in its natural state is a dirty brownish-black mass, and the public have been so luxuriously educated in the matter of illumination, that nothing but a very handsome candle can compete with the lights of the present day. The success of the enterprise has, however, been perfect. By sundry processes of distillation and purification, a beautiful white, hard, waxy substance is produced, handsomer than spermaceti, not so transparent as paraffine, but possessing a brilliant gloss, and melting at a temperature of 140 degrees Fahr. This high melting point (paraffin being about 125 degrees and stearine 130 degrees) allows the employment of a larger wick, and this, combined with the naturally brilliant light of the ozokerit itself, makes the candles burn with a brightness exceeding that of any now used. Although at the present moment all Messrs. Field's time is occupied with the preparation of the purified ozokerit for candles, there can be no doubt that more is to be got from the raw material than is yet discovered. A black residue is left in the stills somewhat resembling cannel coal, and this looks very rich in unrevealed chemical secrets. An oil, too, is abundantly pressed from the mass after the first purification, which we doubt not, will soon find its place in the world. Altogether, we are inclined to rate the discovery and utilization of ozokerit as of no mean importance in the scientific as well as in the commercial world. The name, we may add, is derived from Greek words signifying a substance smelling of wax. The demand for the candles is enormous, more than realising Messrs. Field's anticipations. Separate works have been established for the exclusive manufacture of the new material, and there the mineral lies in hundreds of tons. The candles themselves are prepared at the old factory in Lambeth, where we also saw paraffine, stearine, wax, sperm, and other candles being turned out in all conceivable styles, some of them of great beauty, and in quantities which we fear to repeat. In one room, where the wax candles were made, we saw them varying in size from the 1-480th of a pound to the religious size of 15lb each. In other rooms the manufacture of Messr. Field's well-known United Service and other soaps was proceeding, and in all the processes there was evident the most scrupulous regard to cleanliness and excellent finish. Besides ozokerit, Messrs. Field have another novelty in candles for the winter, which they appropriately designate the "King Alfred." These candles are divided by stripes, and figured in colours, each section indicating an hour. The work involved in the carrying out of this design is immense, it being necessary to finish each candle separately by hand. We must here close our notice, though there are many other interesting points in the candle manufacture which might have been enlarged upon if space would have permitted.

IMPORTANT.—14, Carr's Lane, Birmingham. Established 1861, for the sale of Pure Tea. Connoisseurs pronounce the Tea sold at this Warehouse superior to any that can be obtained elsewhere. Twenty-five per cent saved in value. [24

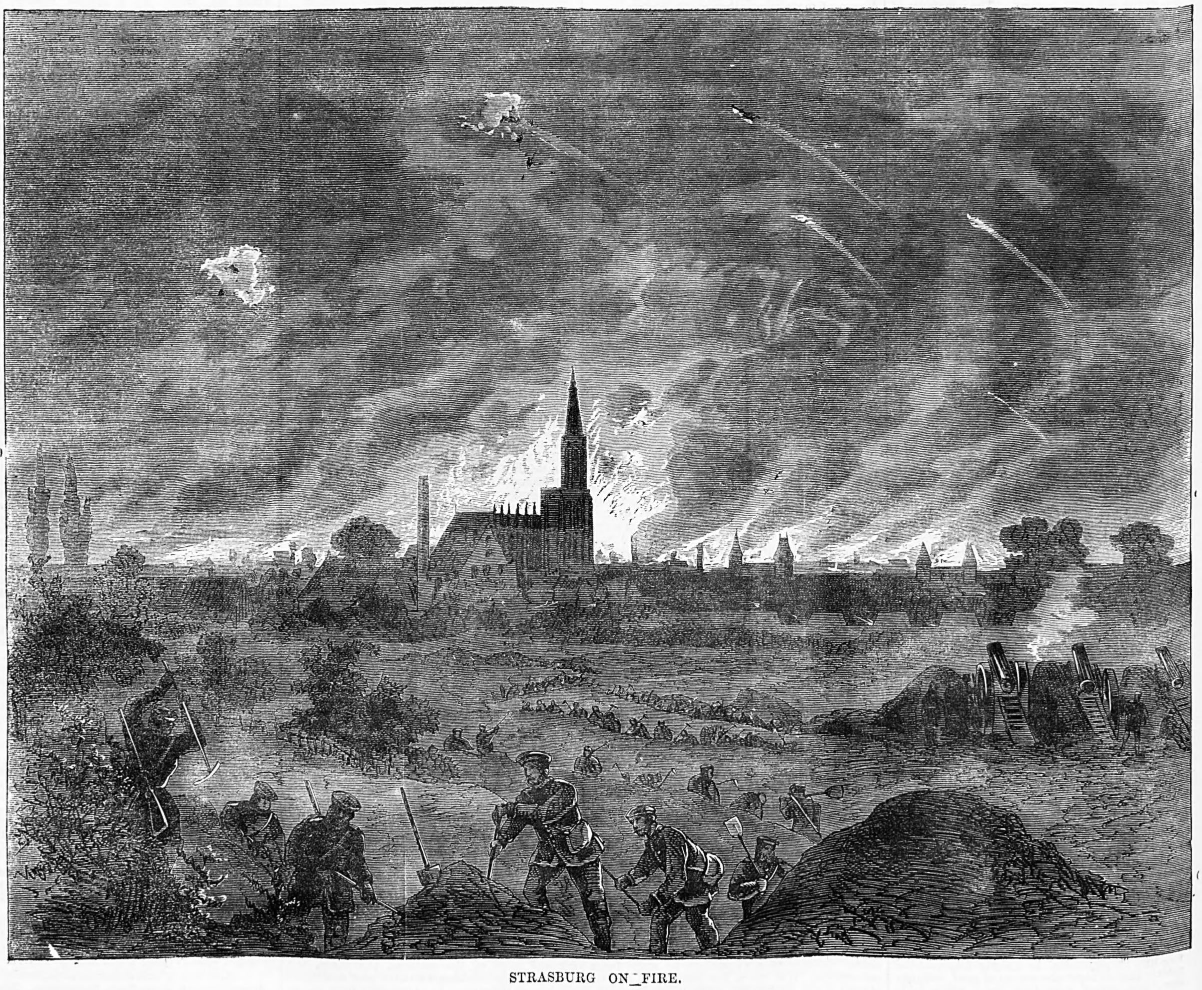
THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

We need hardly say that the adjoining picture of a secluded spot in the interior of the Bois de Boulogne is from a sketch taken before the investment of Paris. In all that splendid forest there is not to be found at this time a scene of umbrageous repose like that presented by our artist. Perhaps never again will this celebrated resort of modern Parisians and their visitors be what it was two or three months ago, when this engraving was a true sample of the two or three thousand acres of woodland. From what it is to day—and, still worse, from what it may be before the war is over—it will be hard indeed to restore the noble wood to its former grandeur, and we are not sure that the French Republic will care to do it. It is a curious fact that the Parisians, with all their love of pleasure, do not treat with great respect the glorious buildings, institutions, and costly places of public resort, which have elicited almost unbounded admiration from strangers. We cannot find that they are grieving very deeply over the threatened demolition of their magnificent palaces. They have even expressed impatience that the bombardment has not commenced; they destroyed the glorious castle at St. Cloud without much provocation, and apparently without regret; they will break in pieces a costly and immortal work of art if it happens to be a monument to the memory of an idol of whom they are tired; they will deface the finest ornaments of the city to cut out a monogram, when they alter their minds as to who shall be their heroes. The Boulevards of Paris are the admiration of all travellers; but they will probably never be again what they were before 1830, when the mob cut down gigantic trees, the growth of ages, wherewith to construct barricades. From the accounts given in Parisian newspapers of the work of destruction carried on in the Bois de Boulogne in preparation for the arrival of the enemy, it appears that the crowds who visited the spot to watch the progress of the demolition were not afflicted with grief at the spectacle, but appeared rather to regard the novelty of the scene as a source of pleasureable excitement. At present the Bois de Boulogne is not in possession of the enemy. Should Paris be brought to capitulation, however, it will most probably form the camping ground of the vast German army. The event would only be the repetition of a former scene on the same spot; for after Waterloo the English and Prussian armies encamped in the Bois de Boulogne, when they almost cleared the forest in order to provide themselves with firewood. This is the reason why the trees are so small, there being very few trunks more than half a century old. Until the inauguration of the Second Empire the Bois de Boulogne was an ordinary forest, intersected by broad walks and rides. In 1852 Napoleon III. gave it to the city, and spent vast sums of money in making it what it was before the campaign of 1870. Artificial lakes were formed, and the soil taken out to form the beds of these ornamental sheets of water was used in the erection of imitation hills and fantastic mounds, from which pleasant views of the surrounding scenery were obtained. He converted the old forest into the most delightful public pleasure grounds in Europe, with islands in the lakes, on which were erected cafés, restaurants, Swiss châlets, &c., with splendid water-falls and beautiful cascades, with the famous Race Course known as the Hippodrome de Longchamps, with its caverns, its miniature parks, its acclimatizing waters for the fishes of many lands, and its experimental collection of animals of utility from all regions. Without its Bois de Boulogne Paris will be shorn of one of its chief attractions, and that boon it owed to the Emperor on whom Frenchmen are just now showering their choicest curses. No doubt very large sums of public money were spent by Louis Napoleon in the improvement and enrichment of Paris; but the expenditure more than repaid itself to the Parisians by the thousands of visitors from all nations which it attracted, and it was further serviceable in troublous times in providing employment for the people. It is hard to say what form of government is best suited to France politically; but it may be asserted, without hazard, that the nation has had no ruler or set of rulers in modern times who have promoted the prosperity and improvement of the country as they have been promoted under Napoleon III. Perhaps because the Bois de Boulogne is a monument of his work the Parisians will, in their present mood, care so much less to preserve it from complete devastation.



SKETCH IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

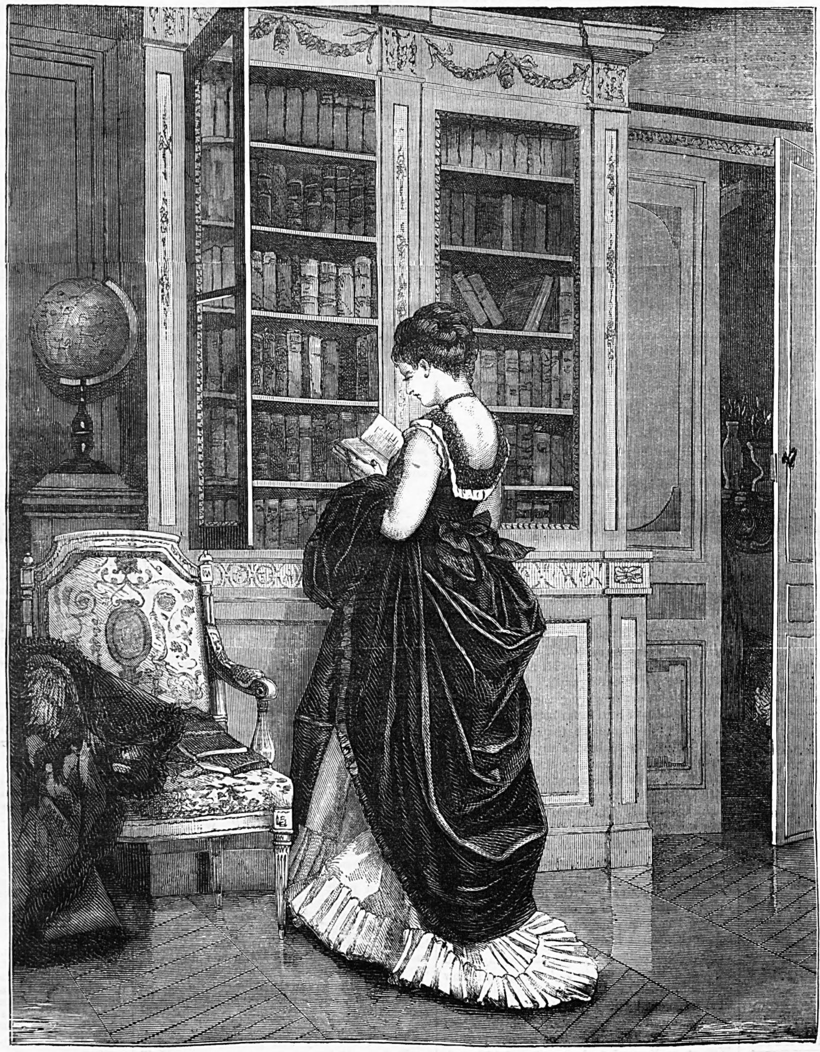
MARK LEMON.—Mark Lemon years ago edited the *Field*, and Leech drew some of the illustrations which then appeared in that well-known paper. He prepared the first Christmas supplement of the *Illustrated London News*, and for some years had a share in the management of the paper. For a short time he edited the *Family Herald*, and made such an earnest effort to give its subscribers high-class reading that he reduced the circulation by many thousands a week. One of the features which assisted to bring about this result was the republication in its pages of the "Waverley Novels." Almost since its commencement he wrote each year a Christmas story for *London Society*. He was the author of forty plays and some hundreds of ballads.—"*With a Show in the North*" *in the Gentleman's Magazine for November*.



STRASBURG ON FIRE.

STRASBURG ON FIRE.

This is a scene during the bombardment. The German soldiers are at work in the trenches by the light of the blazing library of Strasburg. We gave recently a picture of the interior of the Capital of Alsace during that destructive conflagration. Civilians lay wounded and dying in the streets, and the men who were hurrying off with a fire engine to the scene of the burning buildings fell, struck down by fragments of shells, and the engine left them lying, and hastened on in the forlorn hope of saving the manuscript books of which Strasburg was so proud, and which had no counterparts in the world. This is what was doing outside while that scene of horror and consternation was transacting within. Great guns sent shell after shell in the same direction, following up the aim which had proved so fatally successful, and rendering hopeless any attempt of the citizens to save the monument of learning by which they placed such store. We can conceive of nothing more incongruous, nothing more inconsistent with all our notions of progress and civilization, nothing in fact more monstrous than that the two neighbouring peoples of Germany and France should be employed in the way in which we have shown them—in the engraving we have referred to and the one before the reader—to have been occupied so recently within and without the walls of Strasburg. This view of the burning of the beleaguered city by night was sketched by R. Assmus, a Prussian artist, from the German place of observation beyond the trenches. Those flames burnt themselves out when all that was in the Library was destroyed, and the city of Strasburg held out against the besiegers several weeks longer, till, when at length the capitulation took place, the principal streets were a heap of ruins. Strasburg is now held by Prussia, and it is a question at this moment whether it may ever again be regarded as a French city; but whether it be French or German in the days to come, the siege of 1870 will be a recollection of horror so long as a citizen lives to tell the tale. The town had suffered much from war in days long gone by, but there is no event in the history of Strasburg to bear comparison with that under which its inhabitants have suffered since the commencement of the investment which followed so soon upon the early disasters of the French in the field.



THE FAIR READER.—From a Painting by M. Torlmonche.

THE FAIR READER.

When, in the middle of July, the declaration of war broke in upon us so suddenly and unexpectedly, we were still proceeding with our illustrations of the unusually attractive Exhibitions of Pictures of the French Academy at Paris of 1870. The *Salon* had been closed only a few days when hostilities commenced, and the rush of war pictures has compelled us to defer for many weeks the publications of the sketches of French paintings which were awaiting their turn to appear in our pages. To talk now of the closing of the *Salon* seems a mockery. Thinking of the fair capital of France and its life of art, of culture, and of pleasure; recalling to mind the gay throng which assembled from day to day to inspect the last great display of pictures by French painters, it seems, indeed, an age since we selected some dozen of the more striking works to form the subjects of engravings in our paper, and since then not the Exhibition merely but Paris itself has been closed When the next private view takes place—as we sincerely trust it will—in the month of May, 1871, artists and visitors will look back upon a sad and terrible year since the last meeting, and the walls will perhaps bear witness, in the subjects selected for treatment, to the sufferings the nation has undergone and to the heroism with which many Frenchmen and Frenchwomen have met the awful calamity of the time. We will not permit the events of the last three or four months to prevent us any longer from completing the presentation of our selected illustrations of that very interesting exhibition. We have still half a dozen sketches on hand, the first of which appears on this page. The picture is called *La Liseuse*, which, with the charming figure before us, we may render in English, as we have rendered it at the head of this notice, The Fair Reader. The painting is a very fine one, chaste, highly artistic in treatment, effective in light and shade, and of exquisite detail and finish. The work is by M. Toulmouche, an artist whose laurels were assured before his name appeared in this year's catalogue. By M. A. de Portmartin, a competent Frencq critic, M. Toulmoche is classed with Vibert, Warms, Eugéne Lambert, and Vollon, men of very high repute in the French School, of whom he says that they are unsurpassed in spirit, harmony, delicacy, and surety of hand in those little scenes of social life which accord so well with the tastes and habits of the time. This picture of a Parisian lady in her library, which was true enough to the home life of the French capital six months ago, is in violent contrast with that of to-day, and the contrast lends an almost painful interest to the scene.

France Among The Nations.—If there is a sublime egotism in the collocation of the name of Paris with those of the capitals of Ancient Civilization, there is also a terrible suggestion. Athens fell; Rome was destroyed; the Goths of the nineteenth century were at the gates of Paris when M. Hugo spoke. The fate of the nation which has believed itself to be the leader of the world hung in the balance. For aught that she could do for herself, she must be crushed in a conflict with only one of the many countries by which she was surrounded. In that moment of suspense, the question must have arisen to many minds—What relation does France bear to modern civilization? Is she a leader? Has she been a leader? Can we say that her history, her genius, the work she has been doing since she began to be great, are typical of that form of civilization which our age hopes is permanent: the form that has superseded the civilizations of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome? There are times when we grow anxious about the destiny of the cycle of progress in which we are moving. The convulsions and disasters and new beginnings in mankind's career have been the consequences of mistakes not found out soon enough, or not repaired when they were discovered. France has been for many ages very prominent and very powerful among the nations the most advanced in the world. If there has been any error in the opinion entertained by Frenchmen—or in the estimate formed by Europe—of the position France has occupied, the work she has done, or the place she may hold in the movements of the future, it is at a crisis like the present that the misconception should be corrected.—*Gentleman's Magazine for November*.

The investment of Phalsbourg, which has been almost forgotten in the press of more important events, is still languidly continued. For more than a fortnight not a shot has been fired on either side, and the outposts yawn at each other. The garrison, 1,500 Mobiles, are suffering great privations, and have nothing but bread. Even salt is beginning to fail them, and but for the well-organised smuggling they would long have been forced to surrender, as would be the case also if the Germans had heavier guns. Little can be done with 6-pounders, although the place has been set on fire by them. An early surrender is hoped for, as the garrison are giving indications of discontent and insubordination.

English Hops.—It is computed that 65,600 acres of land in this country are cultivated for the growth of hops, and that a gradual increase is annually made. Up to the year 1855 there was an aggregate of 57,757 acres of hop-land, and a sum of £398,365 was paid as old duty on the hops gathered and cured that season; but in the next four years a considerable extent of hop gardens was grubbed up, and in 1859 duty on 43,729 acres, amounting to £328,070, was paid to the Inland Revenue, and hop grounds were diminished 14,028 acres. On the total abolition of the hop duty, an impost which for many years had been a great source of grievance to the hop growers, the gardens were again increased, and have now attained the largest extent. Kent is the most extensive hop county in England, and hops from 33,000 acres were gathered and cured this season, and the early grounds averaged a yield of 14cwt. to 16cwt. an acre. Sussex is an important hop-growing district, and cultivated 14,500 acres, and produced a yield from 18cwt. to 22cwt. an acre; but the crops were materially damaged by the gales in September, and many growths were imperfectly cured. Berks and Hants comprise hop districts to an extent of 3,300 acres, and a yield of 14cwt. to 18cwt. was gathered. Herefordshire comprises 6,000 and Worcestershire 3,800 acres, and produced early crops of hops and of good qualities, and 15cwt. to 18cwt. an acre was gathered. Surrey is productive of a choice quality of hops, and celebrated for their bright colour and superior aroma and other properties essential for brewing pale and bitter beer; Farnham is the chief district. 1,100 acres are cultivated, and from 14cwt. to 16cwt. an acre was the average gathered and cured this season. The other counties contribute 3,900 acres of hops. The free importation of foreign hops to this country and the large Continental growths this season have decreased the value of home-grown hops. At Weyhill great hop fair in 1867 the top price obtained for hops was £12 per cwt., and at the fair this autumn £7 per cwt. was the highest value made. Many crops were deteriorated in value by the unfavourable picking season, and were imperfectly cured and diminished in weight; but it is estimated that the crops of this year were equivalent to the old hop duty of £450,000. The Goldings and Farnhams are the most valuable sorts, and require a peculiar soil for their growth. The Whitebines, Collegates, Retfords, and North Clays are grown in Sussex and other countries. Of Continental growths, Bavarians most resemble English hops.

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NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—AGUA AMARELLA restores the human hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age. J. GOSNELL AND CO. have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price. Sold in bottles at 3s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., and 15s. each, including brush. [851

NOTICES.

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The Illustrated Midland News

BIRMINGHAM, NOV. 5, 1870.

THE fall of Metz furnishes a new problem on which we may speculate to our heart's content. It is the greatest puzzle since the *Projet de Traité*. While the fortress held out against the enemy no one could foretell what was going to happen. The great army might break out of bondage and march to the relief of Paris. It might be relieved by new French forces, though that was exceedingly unlikely. It might refuse to surrender until all France besides had capitulated. It might remain to take advantage of any turn in the tide of fortune in favour of France, and be in a favourable position for making terms at last with the enemy. Or on the other hand it might be starved into submission. Perhaps the most unlikely alternative in the situation was the capture of the place by assault. Metz, as a fortress, was almost invincible; Metz, with a garrison of one-hundred and seventy-thousand men, would surely be one of the most difficult places ever a force attempted to take by storm. That Marshal Bazaine might be compelled to surrender the city from want of food was an event all the world regarded as possible, but nobody was in a position to say whether that catastrophe was imminent. There was no definite information as to the victualling of the city. Beyond question Metz ought to have been well provided against a possible siege, as soon as war was declared, but as a great many other things that ought to have been done had been neglected, it was not impossible that that duty had been overlooked. And if there were provisions for the inhabitants and an ordinary garrison, that would be inadequate for the feeding of a vast army in addition, which nobody ever supposed would be locked up in the fortress. On the other hand, Metz was the base of the operations of the army of the Rhine. It was the centre from which all military operations were to be conducted, and there, if anywhere, were placed the resources of the army. It was—if any place was—the depôt of the commissariat of the Army of the Rhine. These were points of consideration in calculating Bazaine's chances of holding his own, and against them were to be set the rumours that the food supply was getting to a very low ebb. At last the capitulation came, and no one was surprised, except M. Gambetta, who had no better information on the subject than other people. Knowing so little of the circumstances, the world was willing to take the surrender as evidence of the famine, just as it had given the fullest possible credit to the famous Commander for his attempts to break through the circle of "blood and iron" which encompassed him. Intelligence however, from Metz, coming a few days after the capitulation, introduces all sorts of doubts and uncertainty into the question. Soldiers and people are indignant at the surrender. The city protests violently against the last act of the Commander. All manner of people in the fortress, military and civilians, are declaring that it was possible for Bazaine's army to have broken the German lines, and that he needed not yet to have yielded to the foe; and it is said that even German officers are of opinion that it would not have been impossible for the Army to escape. Of course Bazaine is accused of treason. He is said to have been plotting with the Imperial party, and he is gone, with Marshals Canrobert and Lebœuf, to Wilhelmshöe, where also the Empress pays a visit. Until there is better evidence to judge from, we shall be of opinion that the soldiers had not food enough to hold out many hours longer; and that, though there were more than a hundred and fifty thousand of them—a force numerous enough to break out of Metz—the feat could not be accomplished because the material of the army was of inferior quality. Still there is room to distrust Bazaine. The country is unfortunate in war whose soldiers and commanders are all politicians.

THE esteem of Englishmen for King William of Prussia would be greater if he were a little more reticent of his piety. He need not say his prayers by electric telegraph. A despatch to Queen Augusta, announcing the capitulation of Metz, would have been in far better taste without the line "Providence be thanked!" During these last weeks thousands upon thousands of appeals have been made by the hapless inhabitants of Metz, in their secret chambers, to the High Court of Heaven, that this dire calamity might be averted. The people of Metz are essentially a French people, and their agony has been great at the thought of surrender to the foe. In view of all the pain and misery that have been borne inside the city, and in view of the horrors among the army outside, the King might have forborne this ebulition of religious fervour. That Europe has been plunged into war during the last four months is due in a great measure to the Prussian military system, developing itself against Denmark, against Austria, and now against France, whose foolish susceptibilities were aroused by the warlike proceedings of aggression and aggrandisement in which Prussia has engaged during these twenty years. If King William is disposed to be so pious, let him ask himself whether he might not have saved Europe from the war-fever under which it has suffered since the invasion of Denmark.

THE ROYAL BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

[TENTH NOTICE.]

401. "Sea Nymph Dancing to her Shadow." Marshall Claxton.—Nicely drawn and good in colour.

402. "Good Night." Thomas Brooks.—The only thing that strikes us as being remarkable in connection with this picture is the price—£135 10s. If the artist sells it at this price he will deserve to be congratulated. His girls have pretty faces that would go a long way towards finding a purchaser at a reasonable price.

403. "Market Scene." Van Schendel. (The property of C. H. Wagner, Esq.) Too hard and lifeless. The figures don't seem to be doing anything.

404. "The Miniature." F. H. S. Mann.—The girl has not a pretty face, and the hand she is holding up to her face is badly drawn.

405. "A Stream on the Mountains." H. H. Lines.—It is priced at £5 5s. This, to our thinking, is its full value.

406. "On the Sea Beach." J. T. Peel.—There is promise of better work to come.

407. "Robins." Sarah Mason.—Two robins hanging to a wall—why they should have been put on canvas we don't know.

408. "My Love, Kate." F. M. Bowkett.—Badly drawn, and wants brilliancy.

409. "The First of September." Fredericka A. Martin.—Hard and patchy. Not enough of light and shade in it.

410. "At Sea." H. T. Dawson, jun.—A nice bit of sea painting.

411. "Alice Grey." J. D. Wingfield.—Not a pretty face, and hard.

412. "Interior of the Church of St. Antona, Padova." W. Henry.—The architectural work is good. The figures are not so well done.

413. "Cottage at Solihull, Spring." George Clare.—It is not well hung. It looks well where it is and would look better still lower down.

414. "East Lyn, North Devon." E. G. Müller.—The trees are good in colour, but the water is scarcely like water.

415. "Vale of Dolwyddelan, North Wales." J. P. Pettitt. It looks more like a bit of scenery from Italy than anywhere in the British Isles. It is cleverly and tastefully worked out.

416. "At Peep of Day." James Hayllar.—It is not often children sit up in bed at peep of day to beat drums. This child, however, may be the representation of some strange infant that had a weakness that way. It certainly looks a most extraordinary child, and the shape of its head and the colour of its flesh don't at all improve its appearance.

417. "Looking towards Snowdon, from Harlech Sands." P. M. Feeney.—Very much like "Snowdon, from near Harlech"—(124)—by Hy. Moore. They resemble each other in treatment. The one under notice is a good picture.

419. "Farmyard in Hampshire." J. F. Herring.—We can't persuade ourselves that the pigs are properly proportioned.

420. "Morning after a Typhoon." H. T. Dawson, jun.—A clever and original picture. It is free, beautiful in colour, and natural. It is marked "sold"—we can fairly congratulate the purchaser.

421. "Pheasants and Hare." H. H. H. Horsley.—Niceley painted, but the background is bad.

422. "The Moors, near Beddgelert. J. Syer.—A pretty picture and well done.

423. "King's Norton, Worcestershire." Allen E. Everitt.—Faithfully and tastefully rendered.

424. "Mignon." Walter Anderson.—

"The Countess dressed Mignon as an angel to give presents to each little one at the fête. * * * Mignon seemed much averse to resume her usual dress, and sang—

> Such let me seem! till such I be:
> Take not my snow-white dress away!
> Soon from the dreary earth I flee,
> Up to the glittering lands of day."—GOETHE.

A beautiful work, nicely painted, and well worth the price set down for it.—£147.

425. "Valley of the Dee, near Corwen." J. J. Hughes.—This, like many other works in the exhibition, too much resembles the cheap Dutch pictures.

426. "Evening on the Thames." T. S. Barber.—The water is solid. The other effects are not bad.

427. "At Tunis." M. Alisson.—Being small, and near the ceiling, the picture is not easy of inspection, but we are afraid it is not very good.

428. "An Incident in the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh." J. Ritchie.—Here is Sir Walter Raleigh placing his velvet cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over. Sir Walter does the trick in a clownish and ungraceful manner. The Queen is a shrewish and disagreeable looking woman. The whole business has the appearance of a solemn and irksome ceremony. We regard the work as a failure.

429. "An April Afternoon." W. Luker.—The architect of the gallery has not left room for the spectator to withdraw far enough to get the piles of pigment out of his eyes. Instead of scenery we are inspecting white paint in the sky and green paint where grass should be. The cows, however, are very good specimens of figure painting.

430. "Flock of goats in Martigny, Switzerland." E. O. Bowley.—The goats are nothing to boast of. The distant Swiss mountain tops are not ineffective.

431. "Shrimpers on the West Coast." J. W. H. Marr.—This is a not very successful atmospheric study.

432. "The Unrepresented Public." Sarah Mason.—Three very well painted sparrows in excited consultation on some political topic.

433. "Grace before Meat." H. H. Couldery.—The dogs at the luncheon table are rendered with spirit, and form an amusing scene.

434. "A Spanish Beggar." E. W. Russell.—The little brown beggar girl is a little formal, but the face is carefully studied.

435. "At the Land's End." M. Armstrong.—Hard, and painted apparently without sympathy with the varying complexion of nature.

436. The subject is comprised in the lines:—

> The maske of Cupid and the enchanted chamber are display'd
> Where Britomart redeems fair Amoret, through charms decay'd

J. S. Cuthbert.—This is a picture sufficiently uncommon in subject and treatment to have called forth a good deal of criticism, and it is somewhat late in the day now to pass judgment upon it. A work embodying so many fantastic ideas is hard to paint and not easy to criticise, but, inasmuch as ordinary human passions are personified, it is not going too far to say that the personification in many cases does not strike us as very successful. If the painter had not said this is "grief," that "desire," &c., we might not have found out the intention. There is some good figure painting.

437. "Mischief." H. B. Gray.—The playful kitten is prettily done. The work is set down at £20 and endorsed "sold."

438. "The Five Senses." W. Man Egley.—Five attractive faces and pleasing figures. The lady with the opera glass, representing the sense of Sight is admirably done.

439. "Landscape and Cattle." George Cole. (The property of George Fox, Esq.)—This is the largest picture in the Middle Room. The cattle and the sky are successful studies.

440. "Farm at Warley, Essex." J. E. Meadows.—A tolerably good little farm yard scene.

441. "A Highland Drover." Astor Corbould.—The landscape has not a very natural appearance, but the cattle, the drover, &c., are nicely put in.

442. "Fishing Boats Waiting for the Tide." W. Rogers.—The small boat is pretty good; the rest is moderate.

443. "Admiration." J. A. Vinter.—Peacock and children. A rather meretricious little bit.

444. "Evening." J. Banner. The painter put upon his picture the modest price of forty shillings and it is "sold." He has left himself room to increase the figure and to improve the work.

445. "From Gravesend to the Nore and Back—The Start." H. T. Dawson, jun.—An admirable painting. The wind lives in the atmosphere, in the waters, and in the finely depicted sails.

446. "Fruit." W. H. Starkey.—A remarkably successful fruit piece. The pears and the apples are rounded and coloured to perfection.

447. "Wheat Harvest, Staffordshire." H. H. H. Horsley.—A rather good harvest scene, but it wants ease and grace.

448. "Cecilia." Alexander Johnston.—The young maiden is nicely painted. There is meaning in the face.

442. "Water Mill, North Wales." F. W. Humphreys.—Rather bald and uncompromising. The stones and water want more loving treatment.

450. "Fortune Telling." A. H. Weigall.—It is hard to say whether the gipsey is a man or a woman. A rather conventional bit of work.

AMUSEMENTS IN THE MIDLANDS.

BIRMINGHAM.—"Put Yourself in His Place," by Mr. Charles Reade, has been the attraction at the Theatre Royal this week. The tale, we believe, appeared in *Cornhill*, and was dramatised by the author. The Birmingham theatre-goers have certainly not displayed much enthusiasm in favour of this "great drama of the day," and dont seem to view the play in that light at all. We sympathise with them. "Henry Little" a model working man and a non-unionist, was well played by Mr. Henry Nevill, but the stock company, we think, were quite equal to the rest of the London artistes.

BRISTOL.—Mr. Byron commenced another series of performances at the New Theatre on Monday evening. The pieces set down in the programme were his two dramas, "The Prompter's Box" and "Not such a Fool as He Looks," in both of which the talented author appeared—in the first as *Fitzaltamont*, and in the other as *Sir Simon Simple*. His delineation of the player in the first-named piece has lost nothing of its freshness by its repeated representation, and, as produced on Monday evening, was an undeniably clever bit of acting. He was ably supported by Mr. Chippendale as *Ned Bristowe*, and by Mr. Slater, who, as *Frank Bristowe*, fully identified himself with the part, which is saying more than can be affirmed of some *artistes*, who rarely lose their individuality in anything. The principle female character—at least, which she made the principal one—that of *Florence Bristowe*, was admirably sustained by Miss Louise Willes. *Miss Mounteashel*, a London star (whose chief attention is taken up with her train), was cleverly personated by Miss Louise Pereira. At the end of the third act, and at the close, the principal performers were called before the curtain. The attendance was not large; but so far as a really attractive, and, in many respects, throughly original play, good acting, and an appreciative audience could make it, the performance was a great success. On Thursday Mr. Byron appeared in a play new to Bristol—"Cyril's Success"—in which he took the principal character.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—At the Prince of Wales Theatre "Flowers of the Forest" has had a successful run during the past week. It is well put upon the stage, the scenery is good throughout, and the several characters in the piece are sustained by the various actors with credit to themselves, and to the gratification of the audiences.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. Tom Taylor's drama of "Rigoletto, or the Fool's Revenge"—played at the Theatre for the first time on Monday night—is principally successful as affording Mr. Clarence Holt an opportunity of showing a fine piece of acting. In "Rigoletto," Mr. Holt finds one of his most powerful representations. Scarcely anything could exceed the pathetic tenderness he shows towards his daughter, as by carefully modulating his voice he most touchingly addresses her. He is, perhaps, a little too loud in giving vent to his determination to have revenge; but this defect is counterbalanced by the admirable transition in feature and voice, and his manner of masking his purposes in the presence of Count Manfredi's friends. To Miss Bertha Adams is entrusted the character of Rigoletto's daughter—a part which she plays with her characteristic feeling and finish. Mr. Buchanan is hardly as successful as *Manfredi*, and adopts too cold and villainous a tone in his advances to the jester's daughter, when she finds herself a prisoner in his palace. Mr. Fletcher shows to more advantage in this play than in any we have seen him in. The piece is well mounted. Last Friday evening the Mayor of Nottingham gave a bespeak, when "The Rivals" was performed to a large and fashionable attendance. Mr. Halliday's burlesque of "Kenilworth" concluded the entertainment, as it has done agreeably on each evening of the week.

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

The Derby Fine Arts and Industrial Exhibition, after having been open for six months, was finally closed on Monday. Its opening was attended by an imposing ceremony, and we are glad to see that the exhibition, which has been so successful, was closed with great *éclat*.

The Hunt.—The North Warwickshire Hounds meet on Tuesday at Nailcote Hall; Wednesday, at Inkford Brook; Friday, at the Boot Inn, Honily.—The Duke of Rutland's Hounds meet on Saturday at Hose Grange; Monday, at Belvoir; Tuesday, at Kirkby Wadeswood; Wednesday, at Goodby; Friday, at Gipple. Each day at eleven.

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, M.D., F.R.S., who is, we perceive, by our list of visitors, staying at the Grand Hotel, has, we understand, been commissioned by Dr. Falconer (our late Mayor) to make a complete investigation and analyses of the Thermal springs; the results to appear in the forthcoming edition of Dr. Falconer's Treatise on our Springs, Baths, &c.—*Bath Express.*

The prospects of Cambridge rowing are reported to be bright. On Monday next the first trial eight will make its appearance, and there will then be quite four weeks' practice before the Ely race. Short though this year's practice is, the crews are far superior to those of 1869. The rowing is cleaner and better. This is due mostly to the vast improvement in the Cam since the dredger began work.

Messrs. Charles Smith and Co., publishers, of Smallbrook-street, Birmingham, have just issued a neat little diary indicator for 1871. There is a separate sheet for each month, and the whole is attached to a card on which space is left for an advertisement. These are supplied by wholesale at a very small price to people in business, each firm having its own advertisement on the card; and by the firms so supplied the diaries are intended to be presented to their customers.

Signor Gavazzi. — Unusual interest was excited by the recent visit of Signor Gavazzi to Birmingham, in consequence of recent events in Rome. His Sunday services and week-day lectures were largely attended. His lecture on "The Infallibility of the Pope and its Startling Results" was a powerful and telling lecture. Father Gavazzi goes to Rome on a Protestant mission. A handsome sum was realized at these services and lectures in aid of the new work of evangelization in which the famous convert is engaged.

Birmingham Charities.—The annual collections in the churches and chapels of this town and neighbourhood, in aid of the local charities, were made on Sunday. So far as can be at present ascertained the amount raised may be favourably compared with the collections in previous years. More than £2,000. has been collected, and it may be expected that this sum will be considerably augmented, and probably £4,000. will shortly have to be divided among the minor local charities.

The Coal and Iron Trades.—A new trade organ is about to be started in the Midlands, under the title of *The British Coal and Iron Trades' Advertiser and Directory.* It will be published by the British Advertising Company, in the Corn Market, Derby, on alternate Wednesdays, commencing January 4th, 1871. A specimen copy will be issued early in December. Half the paper will be devoted to advertisements, and the other half will consist of a directory of the coal and iron trades. It promises to be a useful and important trade paper.

Crime and the Habitual Criminals Act.—Mr. Hugh Smyth, a Bedfordshire magistrate, writes to the *Times* on the decrease of crime in the town of Luton, consequent upon the application of the provisions of the Habitual Criminals Bill and other restrictive measures. He says:—Luton is a manufacturing town of some 25,000 inhabitants, placed in an agricultural county. It is of very rapid growth; its inhabitants have been gathered from all parts of the country, and it includes a great number of the waifs and strays of society; it has always been the *bête noir* of the county magistrates; its police arrangements have been very costly; it has very greatly swelled the number of prisoners in the gaol, and no measures have ever seemed to touch or affect its crime. In September, 1869, the magistrates of the division determined to try the effect of the rigid enforcement of the Habitual Criminals Act, combined with a decided exercise of the power vested in them in the Beerhouse and Licensing Acts. They withdrew the license from above thirty beerhouses and public-houses of the lowest class, which were reported to be the habitual resort of convicted persons, and they issued a notice to all publicans that though the criminal class might be permitted to take refreshment in their houses and go away, yet remaining in the houses longer than was necessary for that purpose would be taken to be "harbouring," and would involve the forfeiture of the license. The marine store dealers were then cautioned as to the new and stringent measures which affected them, prohibiting the purchase of small lots of metal, &c. The result was immediate: the places where crime was concocted and where stolen property was disposed of were gone; the pleasant life in the public-house spent in congenial society was gone; the criminal class was as miserable as idle men about town suddenly deprived of their clubs; many of them have gone to honest labour, some of them have enlisted, some of them have left the neighbourhood, and the remainder are thoroughly cowed and disheartened. The result is that the convictions have diminished in the district by nearly one-half, and in the town itself by more than one-half, and I really believe that if we could only give additional facilities for getting out of a criminal life a more astonishing reduction is possible, for the supply of thieves is being cut off by the committal of any boy twice convicted of theft to a reformatory school. The labours of the police also released from watching these dens of crime, have been directed into another channel with such effect that not a single case of undetected crime has been reported to the superintendent in a town with 30,000 inhabitants from Midsummer to Michaelmas. I should add that this action has had the advantage of being worked out under a very active and intelligent superintendent of police.

LITERATURE.

THE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* is careful to provide appropriately for the good old class of readers who were friends of the periodical in the days before its modern transformation, and who remain faithful to it in its brighter and more genial form. Those readers like to mix out the events and great topics of the day with discourses on matters connected with English country life, and to find, with the rest, a good leaven of purely literary and intellectual pabulum. In accordance with the demands of the time there is the serial novel, "Malvina," the appearance of which in type is much more familiar to the readers of the *Gentleman's* than to the author of the story, Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who represents the *Times* at the seat of war, and has not, we believe, even seen a proof of these advanced chapters of his latest venture in fiction. It will be a matter of gratification to Mr. Edwards on his return from the battles and sieges of 1870 to find that his pleasant romance has been well appreciated, by his old readers and many new ones, during his absence. Immediately before the 24th chapter of "Malvina" is an article by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, giving a tolerably vivid review of the modern history of the Education question, culminating in the Act of the last session of Parliament. For the country gentlemen two special papers are provided, one on "Trees," and the other on the "Principles of Artificial Fly-fishing" by Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell. The writer of the former gossips pleasantly and learnedly on the phenomena of trees, while Mr. Pennell is essentially practical, and renders seven or eight pages of closely packed and important information to the angler. The writer of "France Among the Nations," following up his paper in the September number, in which he traced the origin and progress of Prussian territorial ambition, reviews the long, sad story of the errors, the crimes, and the misfortunes of France, ending in the terrible humiliation she is suffering at the present hour. The reader will, no doubt, be grateful to the editor of the *Gentleman's* for adding to his reminiscences of the "Show in the North" a few other and even more interesting recollections of the genial, the kindly, the well-beloved Mark Lemon. The Show itself is ended, but there is to be another paper to finish the series, and that, like the present, will add interesting items to the reminiscences of the Editor of *Punch* that will be of great value to Lemon's future biographer. The opening article of this number is by Professor Ansted, on "The Passage of the Mont Cenis."

Miss Braddon indulges the readers of *Belgravia* with a liberal supply of fiction from her own pen, and she does wisely. Besides Mr. Dickens's "Household Words," and Thackeray's "Cornhill," no modern monthly has been started owing its character and position to the editor so much as *Belgravia.* The whole novel reading world, having read, as a matter of course, the chapters, as fast as they came out in various publications, of "Aurora Floyd," "The Doctor's Wife," "John Marchmont's Legacy," "Sir Jasper's Tenant," and the other bright fictions which took the libraries by storm a few years ago, looked upon *Belgravia* as a work that would become a necessary of life, and it continues to be popular by force of Miss Braddon's name and her facile, untiring, and prolific pen. The lady's style of writing gives a tone to her editing. She provides every month about 130 pages of reading suitable to the taste which she has previously captivated by her own arts as a story teller. *Belgravia* has, indeed, cut the ground from under two or three older periodicals of light literature, and gracefully fills their places. The editor's own current novel, which, we have hinted before, does not please us like several other works which followed "Lady Audley's Secret," is passed over this month into the middle of the number, and the first page opens with a novelette by the same lady, which will be completed in three parts. It is called "Milly Darrell," and is marked by some of those little bright touches with which Miss Braddon's readers are familiar. We cull a specimen. Miss Crofton, a poor gentleman's daughter, arrives at the forlorn looking schoolhouse at which she is to be a teacher, and when left alone for a few minutes, she gives way very naturally to depression of spirits:—

> I sat down at one end of a long green-baize covered table, and rested my head upon my folded arms I thought of all I had left at home. I thought of what my life might have been if my father had been only a little better off; and then burst out crying as if my heart were breaking. Suddenly, in the midst of that foolish paroxysm, I felt a light hand upon my shoulder, and looked up, to see a face bending over me, a face full of sympathy and compassion. O, Milly Darrell, my darling, my love, how am I to describe you as you appeared before my eyes that night? How poorly can any words of mine paint you in your girlish beauty, as you looked down upon me in that dimly lighted schoolroom with divine compassion in your dark eloquent eyes!

Miss Braddon's readers will recognise that touch of the favourite hand. Mr. George Augustus Sala is a faithful and diligent contributor to Belgravia. He has two papers in this number. The first is an unfinished sketch called "Carlo Ponti," the other will be read by everybody who can lay hands on the magazine; it is entitled "The Last Night in Babylon." It is a narrative of the last few hours Mr. Sala spent in Paris, he having escaped from the city just before the last means of communication with the outer world were cut off. This article was written in Rome; "A poor gadfly," he says "on the axle-box of fortune's wheel. I find myself in Rome. It is a capital place wherein to read Volney, and muse upon the decadence of empires, and to enquire into the philosophy of Smash. Every day I have spent among the ruins of Rome has brought back more vividly the memory of my last night in Babylon."

Macmillan's Magazine is very anxious on the subject of Great Britain's military, naval, and defensive position. It gives us this month, from the competent hand of Mr. E. J. Reed, C.B., a very able article on "The Navy," wherein, among other things, the loss of the Captain, about which he is perhaps as well qualified to speak as any man in the country. Against the construction of the Captain he had most vehemently protested before the ship was launched, or, indeed, built, and he has a claim to be heard now that she has gone down with her crew. Passing by Mr. Trollope's tale, "Sir Harry Hotspur, of Humblethwaite," which is to be finished next month, we come to an interesting article by Francis Power Cobbe, on "Unconscious Cerebration." *Macmillan's* is about the only monthly magazine that deals with metaphysical and psychological subjects. Miss Cobbe plunges deeply into psychology, and the conditions of the immortality of the soul, on the first page of her paper. Here is her design: "I hope to deduce, from the study of one class of cerebeal phenomena, a presumption of the separability of the conscious Self from the thinking brain, and thus, while admitting that thought may be a function of matter, demonstrate that the Self in each of us is not identifiable with that which, for want of a better word, we call matter." So hard a nut we must not attempt to crack with this psychologist in this column, but we do not think Miss Cobbe has made out a better case for the entity of "Self" than has been made out by previous philosophers for the identical entity "Ego." The War; the Poor Laws; Army Organization, and the like topics occupy the greater part of the remainder of the space. The number contains an able poem, five pages long, on "The Implicit Promise of Immortality."

We put together the *Churchman's Family Magazine* and the *Victoria Magazine.* The former is a good, calm representative of the Evangelical interest in the Church, in which thoughtful articles on topics consistent with the title of the periodical are mingled with fiction, poetry, biography, &c. To the *Victoria Magazine* Mr. Edward Roscoe contributes a long and rather unsatisfactory paper on Shelley, handling the poet's opinions and speculations in a gingerly manner, as if they were something to be afraid of. It is time we were past this method of criticism. Miss Faithfull, the editor, gives, in the outset of this number, a good *resumé* of the Social Science Congress, with especial reference to the discussion of topics connected with the Woman question. The number also reproduces Miss Power's paper on the Education of Girls, read at the Congress.

We have quite a pile of magazines and serial works from Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s. Beginning with *Cassell's Magazine,* we fly at once to Mr. Bedingfield's "Recollections of Thackeray," glad to make the acquaintance of a man who knew the great novelist, and can tell us something fresh about him, though his manner of telling it may not be over wise. Mr. Bedingfield is, we think, mistaken in supposing Thackeray's "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo" has not been appreciated. All true disciples of Thackeray value that little book very highly. What does this sentence mean: "William Shakespeare is a giant among giants, and William Thackeray is hardly among the category of giants"? Thackeray not among giants! Then who is? By the side of Shakespeare all men are underlings; but leaving out Shakespeare, and admitting that there are giants, as Mr. Bedingfield does, what has this cousin and intimate of the great novelist to say against Thackeray as one of the giants? That Mr. Bedingfield is utterly incapable of appreciating the author of "Esmond," of the "Four Georges," and the "Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," one only wants to read half a page of these "Recollections" to be assured. For that we can forgive him, but incompetent as he is to form an estimate of Thackeray's character and genius, it is pure impertinence in him to mix up his "Recollections" with opinions like that we have quoted. After that sentence it would be amusing to be supplied with a list of Mr. Bedingfield's giants. This month's magazine is a good one. The editor's contributions are an acquisition to its pages. The *Quiver* is an agreeable periodical for family reading, which may be safely placed in the hands of the youngest child. Here is the twelfth number of the *Book of Birds,* with a brilliant coloured picture of the "Java Owl," and several illustrations of the kite, the buzzard, and the vulture tribes. The *Popular Educator* continues to be the most valuable educational serial published. The second volume of the *Household Guide* is completed this month. The number opens with a very handsome coloured frontispiece representing an elegant and delicious cold luncheon. At one end of the table is the garnished turkey, and at the other the ham; the first is supported by tongue on one side and sandwiches on the other; and the second is in like manner supported by game pie and lobster; a pair of jellies occupy the remaining spaces round the grand centre-stand for fruit and flowers and custards. The boys of the household will be glad to find in this number an article, with diagrams, on the collection of postage stamps. The last work we have to notice is not a serial. It is *Cassell's Illustrated Almanack for* 1870, handsomely got up, and full of pretty engravings.

NEW MUSIC.

Der Lustige Bauer. Schumann. G. F. West. London: Robert Cocks and Co.—The air is very simple and pretty, and Mr. West's arrangement cannot fail to please.

The Rose of the Battle-Field. Written by Dr. J. E. Carpenter. Music by J. L. Hatton. London: Robert Cocks and Co. — Commands sympathy and deserves to be a popular song. There is merit in the words. As for the music the composer of "Good-Bye Sweetheart, Good-Bye," has lost none of his capability of writing sweet music and charming his hearers. The song was suggested by an incident of the war, mentioned by the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph,* and is so interesting, that we cannot refrain from reprinting it. "In one of the recent fights, a Prussian Jäger found a moment to pluck a rose; and after coming with his regiment out of the toil and peril of the day, he sent the flower to the Central Committee in Berlin, asking that it might be given to the lady who had done most to help the wounded. The rose and letter have been received, and very elegantly framed for presentation, by Queen Augusta."

Norah, Sweet Norah. W. T. Wrighton. London: Robert Cocks and Co.—This piece, we think, is too much like "Kathleen Mavourneen." We allude to the words. It is a pretty air within easy compass, and will probably be a favourite.

Echoes of the Rhine. By W. S. Rockstro. London: Robert Cocks and Co. — Introduces "Die Wacht am Rhein," and is cleverly arranged.

Tired. Brinley Richards. London: Robert Cocks and Co.—Mr. Brinley Richards's music is very much alike. This performance is quite worthy of him.

A Fragment, by Mendelssohn. London: Robert Cocks and Co. — There is nothing very attractive in this fragment, and it is not at all improved by the arrangement.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

The Macawber Quadrille. By J. Winterbottom. London: Weippert & Co.

All my Dreams. Written and composed by F. Shrivall. London: Weippert & Co.

The Laura Mazurka. By Edouard Ronville. London: Weippert & Co.

Say Farewell. By Alfred Plumpton. London: Weippert & Co.

The Ebb and Flow. Words by Rea; Music by Alfred Plumpton. London: Weippert & Co.

Oh! my Lost Love. Written by Jean Ingelow. Music by Alfred Plumpton. London: Weippert & Co.

Remembrance. Poetry by Emily Brontë; Music by Alfred Plumpton. London: Weippert & Co.

Bessie's Hope. Poetry by A. A. Procter; Music by Alfred Plumpton. London: Weippert & Co.

WHITHER?

All spangled are the beach trees, with motes of autumn gold,
And 'neath their spreading red leaves is many a love-tale told;
O'erclouds the sky with shadows, the thunder-showers fall,
And fade away the sunbeams — away beyond recall.

The babbling brook o'er-ripples the pebbles smooth and white,
The water-lillies quiver, and tremble in the light;
Arise the wind and tempest, from whence we may not know,
The brook becomes a torrent, away the lilies flow!

The prisoned lark is straining his little throat to raise
The song that once on green turf he sang to Heaven's praise:
His shrill, sweet notes ascending in melody uprise,
Re-echoing till their music is lost amid the skies.

MOSELEY HALL.

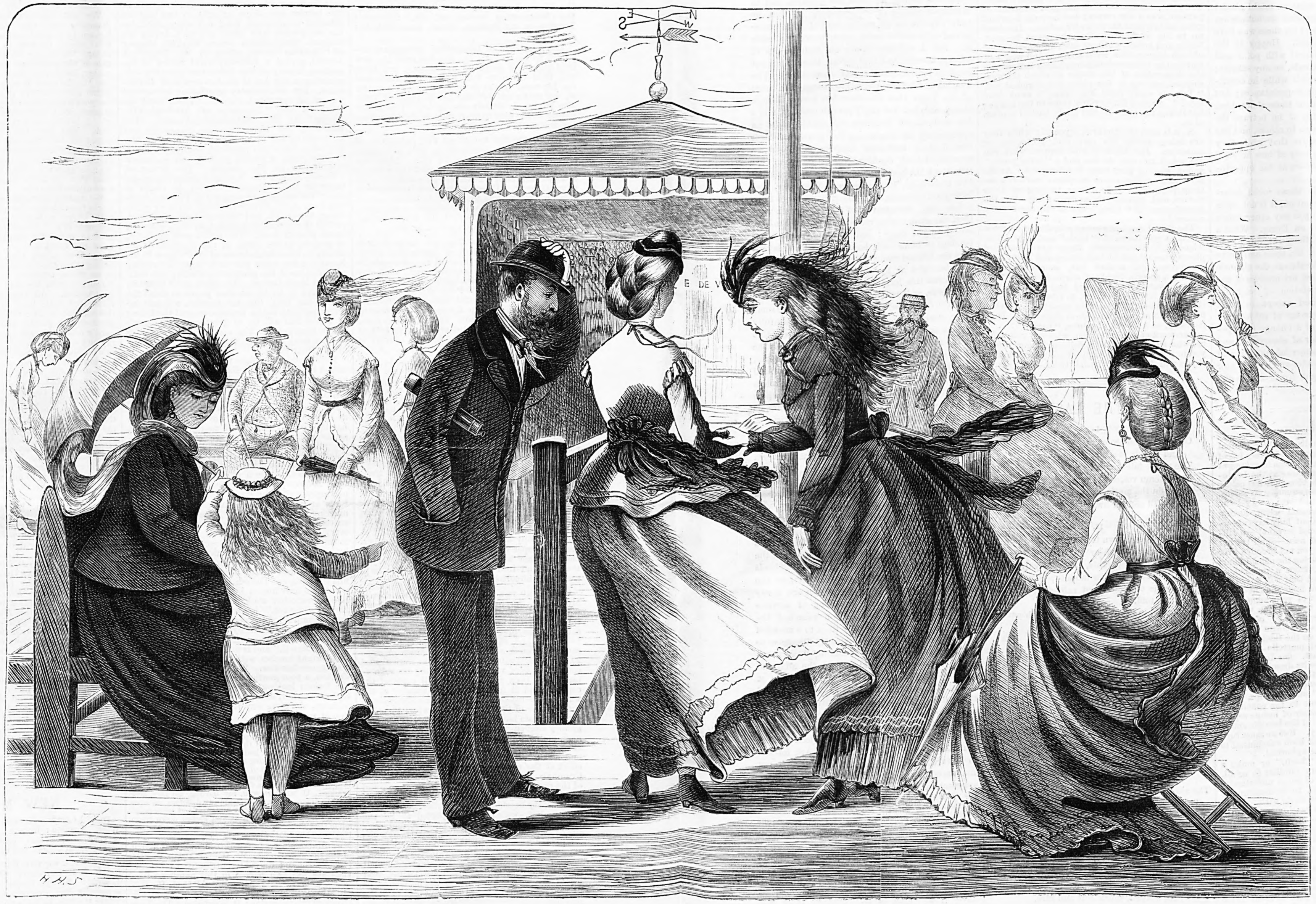
At a distance of some four miles from Wolverhampton, at the edge of "the black country," in the hamlet of Moseley, forming a portion of the parish of Bushbury, stands Moseley Hall (illustrated on page 300), a venerable mansion whose name, though less well-known than that of Boscobel, is associated in history with the escape of Charles II., after the Battle of Worcester. It is a most pleasant walk or drive from Wolverhampton to Bushbury through shady, green picturesque roads. The "Old Hall," as it is called, stands at some distance from the high road, and is approached by country lanes, which are of the ordinary Staffordshire type. The country round is verdant and well wooded, and the only object that is wanted in order to form a lovely English landscape is water. The "old Hall" stands in grounds of its own, and is one of those timber mansions of great antiquity in which Cheshire, Lancashire, Shropshire, and Staffordshire are rich. But having been religiously kept from year to year in its ancient state on account of the venerable associations which attach to it, the Hall has fallen into such bad repair that it has been at length deserted by its owners, who have erected close by a new mansion, called "Moseley Court," turning the Hall into a farmhouse residence. It is almost needless to add that the bed and bed-room which King Charles occupied during his stay there after the fatal Battle of Worcester (September 3rd, 1651), are still most religiously kept in the same condition in which they gave rest to royalty, securing to the Prince a few hours' respite from those cares which make uneasy, not only "the head that wears a crown," but the head that is ever likely or destined to wear one. The oak wardrobe which adorned the room is also still preterved.

The fund for the restoration of Exeter Cathedral exceeds £13,000.

The closing ceremony of the Workmen's International Exhibition, at the Agricultural Hall, took place on Monday afternoon, under the presidency of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Patterson, one of the honorary secretaries, read the concluding address, and the financial statement was also read, after which a speech was delivered by the Premier. A grand concert was given in the evening, at which Mr. Vernon Rigby appeared.

The Progress of Photographic Art.—We have been favoured with the inspection of further and more advanced specimens of the art of reproducing paintings, water-colour drawings, and engravings. Mr. T. M. Robson, of Clifton-road, Sparkbrook, has shown us, among other very beautiful examples, a copy of an engraving from a charming water-colour drawing by Birkett Foster, called "Primrose Gathering." The novelty of this photograph consists in the fact that it is a considerable enlargement from a steel engraving, and the work is so managed that the coarseness which one would naturally expect to see in a magnified copy of an engraving is wholly avoided, and the result of the method is a softness and harmony even surpassing those qualities in the copies of engravings without enlargement. Mr. Robson's success in this department of photography is remarkable.

"I was suffering greatly a few weeks ago from severe pains about the kidneys, and excessive weakness in the back, accompanied with nauseous sickness, confined to my bed, when a friend, who had long known and experienced great benefit from the use of Perry Davis's Pain Killer, brought me a bottle, which I used with the most gratifying results. A. Shirreffs. *Woodside, Aberdeen, Oct. 24, 1867.*—To Perry Davis & Son."



THE LAST DAY AT THE SEA SIDE.

THE A.B.C. OF ORNAMENTAL DESIGN.

BEING A COMPLETE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE ORNAMENTAL ART OF THE WORLD IN ALL AGES.

PERSIAN.

We present this week further specimens of the Persian style of ornamentation, in order to furnish the student, as far as may be, with an idea of the range as well as the character of adornment developed by that ancient people. Our remarks last week apply equally to the two plates on page 301 of this Number as to the single specimen in last week's paper. Our next issue will contain a final plate on Persian forms, and with it an example of Turkish work, to be followed shortly after by several fine plates indicating the modes of Indian Ornamental Design.

TABLE TALK.

The true test of our friendship and sympathy is the feeling with which we receive the letters of our acquaintances. For purposes of social distinction we may divide the pile of letters on our table in the morning into three classes. There are those which concern our own interests. We pay the writers of these epistles a high compliment. We read their missives first, as a rule. Of course there are a few exceptions. Where our affections are deeply concerned all other matters give precedence; but these are cases which, in a sense, may be said to affect our interest, for they concern our happiness, and the contents of such letters may profoundly affect the whole tenour of our lives. Epistles belonging to that class, where there is no bad news, are perused as an indulgence, and we indulge ourselves before all other considerations in matters of that sort. But, getting outside those paramount affections which belong to the proper current of our very existence—selecting those particular letters, and devouring them and putting them away in rose leaves—we find the pile that remains is separable into three parcels. Those which affect our personal interest are number one; those which come from friends for whom we entertain a regard are number two, and those which are neither the one nor the other, but are indited, by persons unknown or indifferently known to us, for their own purposes, or because they erroneously imagine that we take an interest in their affairs and their doings, are number three. We leave out of account the packet of ordinary business correspondence, which are not letters at all in the proper sense of the term, but bills, invoices, orders, instructions, and the like, which only assume the outward guise of epistles, and are destitute of their spirit. Passing by, as we have said, the few letters which have relation to the deepest feelings of the reader, which do not come in piles, but usually in single file, and belong to the dramatic, the romantic, perhaps the tragic element in our lives, and saying nothing at all now about the pure self-interest bundle, which are less tempting subjects to talk about unless our sympathies are pretty strongly enlisted, we come to the small parcel of epistles from friends who are held in comfortable but not painful warmth near our hearts. These afford most scope for table talk. They treat of topics —if your correspondents are at all worth knowing. There is something more in them than the first and second person singular. They afford information which, even in these times, when we are deluged with intelligence every hour of the day, is fresh and interesting. Your true friend knows how to purvey information for you. He recollects your traits, your weaknesses, your strong points, your associations, and he enlightens the dark places in your mind as to things about which you do not like to be in the dark. He has known you, perhaps, when you were not what you are now, and by a subtle touch he can bring the past and present together for your—connect youth with manhood, or one or both with old age—and warm up the story of your life, which was beginning to get crystallised and dead within you. If your table company belongs to the limited and intimate social circle, all these things form charming and suggestive themes, and if the party is of a more inclusive sort, your letters of the class we are gossipping about will still open up pleasant discourse, for common themes are warmed with the blood of real life when they turn up in association with the acquaintances who are favoured with our personal regard. If you have a friend writing to you from the war, the ambulances, from Rome, or Madrid, his letters may be of a very low standard of literary quality, but there is a light in them that does not illumine the cleverly-written column from the special correspondent of the daily paper.

But at table, in the course of the best regulated and the most happily inspired conversation, some restless friend is sure to suggest, to hint, or to indicate, in some more or less indefinite manner, that the subject might as well be changed. It is amusing to watch the symptoms of this tendency. It is an affection that attacks the listeners much sooner than it does the talkers, and when it shows itself among the main supporters of the conversation you may make up your mind to one of two things. Either the manœuverer for a change has said all he knows on the subject in hand, or he has a topic about which he has certain special knowledge or new information which he is anxious to ventilate. The devices of the talker in order to bring round the discourse to the topic on which he is strong, or with regard to which he is specially crammed, are an interesting study, understood, like many other games, better by the lookers on than by the players. Beyond question conversation is a noble art, and one that tends very much to make life pleasant, but the tricks of what we might almost call professional conversationalists are not always such as to increase our respect for those who have mastered the accomplishment. Happy is the man who can express himself with point and clearness, and without platitude, on any subject; for he is able to please himself while he contributes to the pleasure of his acquaintances; but such a one loses the esteem of those about him, and discounts his own gifts, if he betrays the fact that he cares not to listen to others, and lets his table companions perceive that while they are talking he is thinking only of how he shall best make his next point as soon as the opportunity occurs to strike in.

If there is a pleasure in these social interchanges of ideas and information, it is not upon that, any more than it is upon any other single condiment, that we can go on living. What a freshness there is in now and then in escaping from it all. Books and the open air, trees and crops and cattle, the throngs in the streets, the gigantic movement of business: these are muscles of the brain, so to speak—in violation of science—that refuse to be exercised except in their own particular way. No change of subject will compensate for the lack of a change of experience, of mode and matter of observation and thought, of mode and manner of motion and rest. Then let us relieve reader and writer, now for the time, from the slight strain of this discursive monologue.

HASH.

Who has not viewed with dismay the continual return at all meals of that large and damp leg of mutton which the wife of your bosom has thought fit to introduce for your sustenance at the beginning of the week, and which, though it has coldly furnished forth your table on so many occasions, seems never to grow small and beautifully less? And has your dismay decreased when, having made your moan, the excellent lady says cheerfully, that Sarah, the "general servant"—a Jill-of-all-trades and mistress of none—shall try her hand at a "hash?" Have you not brooded over that prospective refection during the official hours of the day, knowing well, from a melancholy experience, the sort of repast that will be offered for your contemplation and nourishment when you return to the comforts of your home? In your mind's eye you see the hideous whitey-brown lake—a dreary archipelago of desert islands. Flotsam of onion and jetsam of turnip float upon its surface, and on the tideless shores of this appalling sea stand martello towers of carrot and batteries of toast. On diving, with shuddering anticipation, into its dreadful depths, you find you can very truthfully say, with the traveller who describes some newly-discovered land, "Coal is found here;" and, perhaps, when the ordeal is over, you come to the conclusion that the coal does by no manner of means represent the worst characteristic of the terrible specimen of experimental cookery. But we must turn from this brief digression on hash substantial to the consideration of hash metaphorical.

To get anything into a "hash," or make a "hash" of it, is a term very familiar to us all, and it is the unhappy fate of some unfortunate people, born under evil stars, to be continually hashing everything they have to do with. However bright their prospects may be, or however clear any particular course of action appears, they invariably succeed in getting it all into an inextricable confusion of "hash."

Take, for instance, the man who wants to marry. All is apparently in his favour. He has, at last, got that long-delayed but necessary rise in his salary. A very "rose of a rose-bud garden of girls" is only waiting to be picked. A brick paradise in Camden Town, with a front Eden that is half area, is standing ready for him. His future seems beautiful, and full of bliss. When, on a sudden, you hear that all is over, and learn that he has made a "hash" of it.

Again, you are, perhaps, chosen for some particular and delicate investigation. Your employer, who has quite forgotten your hashing propensities, sends you down to Tooting to find out for him, confidentially, whether Thompson's step-mother's first husband did really keep a small public-house or not. You stay at Tooting for a week, and when you return, the only real fact that is quite clear to your employer is, that Bawkins has an aunt who has married a currier at Carnarvon. You have made a complete "hash" of it.

Or, perhaps, you have to call upon a stern matron to explain the reason why you did not come to dinner on Tuesday, after having accepted the invitation. You intended saying you were ill, but then those confounded next-door neighbours of your would-be hostess saw you at that little garden-party at Putney. You concoct over ledgers during the day a pretty story about your having expected to meet your sister from Aberdeen at the Putney party, and how you had forgotten to send the note you had written, and how sorry you were that you could not come, because you always like Jones, and so on. You have it all at your finger's ends, when you rap at the door, but alas! the result is "hash," and consequent enmity for the rest of your life.

Then the incorrigible hasher carries his propensity into the smallest and most trivial matters. Look, for example, into the drawer in which he keeps what his landlady calls his "clean things." She, careful and methodical, has arranged it in the most charming manner. Look at his shirts, a pure and even slab of linen, admire his collars curled together in a cozy coil, consider his neat block of pocket-handkerchiefs lying comfortably on his reserves of nocturnal drapery. But look again on Tuesday evening after he has gone to a party, and confess whether chaos has not come again, and if the hash is not complete.

Then, in carving, what an unpremeditated hash will the uninstructed carver make of a fair and noble joint. We remember a case where a haunch of a buck, which had been bred by an earl and shot by a duke, was placed before a worthy cleric who was a guest at a baron's table. The vicar, though the best and most orthodox of parsons, was a vile carver; but he took heart of grace and cleared his decks for action. He stood up to his work, he hacked, he poked, he grew hotter and hotter, until, at last, an elderly dame of high degree, who loved venison, and who had watched in silent and ever-increasing indignation the desecration of the shrine at which she worshipped, rose up in her place and shrieked out, "Take it away from him—take it away from him!" Solemn flunkeydom came to the rescue; but it was too late—he had made hashed venison of it.

So it is with the fine arts, especially when they are taken under the care and protection of amateurs. Just think of what happens when you are asked to come to tea, and a "little music," and a glee or part song is attempted. As the performers gather round the piano, can't you see them putting on their aprons, tucking up their sleeves, and getting themselves ready for the manufacture of "hash," and is the result not a success?

The Royal Academy every year dishes up some excellent specimens of "hash," and if you like "hashed," Shakespeare, there are plenty of places where it can be had, cheap and nasty.

Suppose, too, a man has, as materials for making a speech, plenty of words, an idea or two, a few quotations, and a good deal of action, and with them he attempts, say, to return thanks for the bridesmaids at a wedding breakfast. Is what he produces at all palateable or digestible? Isn't it nearly, as a matter of course, "hash." . . .

One word of advice to you, whoever you may be, who sittest with the red-lined ledger before you in pondering perplexity—Cook your accounts if you will, but dont "hash" them.—*Civilian.*

AT THE LAST.

I.

Oh! faint and sweet,
And doubly blessed that its voice is faint,
The music falls,
The solemn voices of the waters meet
And join the music's plaint,
And shrill and far away the sea-mew calls.

II.

The king goes down to his rest
Through the high-arch'd western gate,
And crowds of servants, gorgeously dress'd,
Marshal him thither in state;
And banners of amber and ruby float over him fold on fold,
And far-off eyes of silver peep through gates of dusky gold.

III.

Softly fades the evening glow,
Evening winds begin to blow,
Thoughts like shadows come and go.

IV.

Oh! bid the music's plaintive voice to cease,
Though on the air so sweet a grace it found;
And let old ocean dimly whisper peace,
Unvex'd by grosser sound.

V.

The sea, the sky, the dark deserted sands,
The very silence that about me reigns,
Bear each a blessing, and Love's outstretch'd hands
Are laid upon me, quieting my pains.

VI.

For strife has cleared the air,
And after storm comes calm;
After loud discord, music soft and rare,
Like the long cadence of a twilight psalm.

VII.

O Love! long mourn'd—but blest amid the blest—
Look down upon me with your happy eyes,
The happier, glad angel, that my breast
Harbours at last a pure and perfect rest,
Deep as this sea—untroubled as these skies.

D. CHRISTIE.

THEATRICAL WIGS, WHISKERS, &c. — The Largest Stock in Town, for Sale or Hire. Private Wigs from 10s. to 100s. Hair Cutting, Brushing, and Shampooing, charge 6d. Immediate attendance. Respectful attention by first class Men from the best houses of London, Paris, and Berlin. The largest and best 6d. and 1s. bottle of Pomade in the trade; has had an immense sale for eighteen years. Choice Hair Washes, from 1s. 6d. Lime Cream, from 1s. Genuine and delightfully perfumed Lime Juice and Glycerine, from 1s. to 6s. A very large assortment of Hair, Tooth, Nail, Hat, and Cloth Brushes, by best makers, from 1s. Dressing Combs in *Tortoiseshell, Bone, Ivory, Horn,* and *Vulcanite,* from 6d. A splendid variety of fancy Back Combs, from 1s. to 50s. Large selection of Fans from 6d. to 60s., including the newest shapes and patterns. The largest stock of Toilet Requisites and Fancy Goods in the Midland Counties, selected from the best houses of Paris and London, at **STEELE'S, HAIR CUTTER and ARTIST in HAIR, Opposite the Railway Station, New Street, Birmingham.** [591

AN OXFORD LETTER.

OXFORD, Nov. 1.

The last stragglers who mean to keep term have now come up, and we are again in the midst of the duties and pleasures of Oxford life. I regret to say that the former largely predominate at present, for, as usual in the Autumn, what with "Smalls," "Mods," "Greats," and the other examinations, nearly every one seems to be in the Schools; and, at least, every other man you meet is groaning over the dismal prospect of being "ploughed"—or "spun," as the latest slang has it. Divinity is an especial stumbling-block. Which of my readers can tell off-hand who was the second wife of Moses? I know a man in for Divinity this time, who is so firmly convinced he will be asked this question, and so utterly incapable of remembering it, that he fully expects to go raving mad of Abraham's-second-wife on the brain, as he classically phrases it. But I will not linger on such scenes of misery, though, as I said before, there is not yet much to record in the way of amusements. The weather has been so uncompromisingly bad most of the Term that the river has been well-nigh abandoned, but for the Fours in practice, and a few enthusiastic freshmen who cannot resist an opportunity of displaying the glories of their new boating uniforms. As for the Fours, a sporting friend confidentially assures me that "Balliol is the best ship to gamble on at present;" but University, Brasenose, and Worcester, also have good crews on, and the race promises to be a close one. As a matter of course, in such weather, the gymnasium, racket courts, and the like, are thronged daily; and though your correspondent eschews such haunts himself, he is told that the billiard rooms are as closely and energetically besieged as Paris itself. The chief object of interest this term is the new college: Keble, (or Feeble, as it is clept by the profane, from its infantile condition) now partially opened for some forty students. Although, with its painfully modern front of bricks diversified with every tint of the rainbow—or aurora, to keep pace with the latest celestial movements—it can never compare, as a building, with the grand old edifices around it; it really does not look unlike a college when you get inside the "quad," and when the whole of it is completed it will by no means disgrace its Alma Mater. It stands near the outskirts of Oxford, nearly a quarter of a mile beyond any of the other colleges; and rumour reports that a party from "The House" (which I may inform the uninitiated is the correct name of Christ Church in undergraduate parlance) chartered a four-in-hand to visit it, under the impression that it was somewhere out in the country. Its specialities appear to be, frequent services—the last being at 10.15 in the evening—and economical management, the men taking their meals together after the fashion adopted at some of the Halls, to insure moderate "hotel bills." This is certainly a step in the right direction, as the charges at some of the older colleges are, to say the least, extortionate. Speaking of services reminds me that Canon Liddon preached the university sermon on Sunday week to a crowded congregation, and was as eloquently discursive as is his wont. The Union Debating Society has opened its campaign, and decides the affairs of nations every Thursday evening, *more suo*: it has already, after a hot discussion, stigmatized the conduct of the British Government with regard to the war as cowardly: a menacing decision that the Cabinet will do well to lay to heart in its next conference upon the subject. I hear that Ruskin, our Slade Professor of Art, intends to lecture this month, but the subject is not announced at the time I write. This, and the approaching "Town and Gown" on the 5th, are the chief events of the future, but the rest of the gossip of the term I must reserve for another letter.

ISIS.

THE WEATHER AS A SUBJECT OF CONVERSATION.—We noticed in a contemporary the other day some surmising as to what we should talk about if we had no "weather." And, indeed, it becomes a somewhat puzzling problem to solve, if we think of it. Suppose there was never any change in the state of the sky and the temperature; suppose it never rained, or snowed, or hailed, or blew; but our climate was an unending round of continued and changeless salubrity. Well, surely in that case we should soon get tired of alluding to the "beatiful day," "charming weather," and so on. What, then, would take the place of weather talk amongst casual acquaintances and between occupants of 'busses, railway trains, and penny steam-boats? It would be personal to make remarks on each other's faces and expressions, and scarcely less so to criticise each other's clothes. No common topic in literature could be started with any certainty of meeting with a sympathetic response; politics are not safe things to mention to strangers, till we know something of their views; and what good to talk of news that everyone in these days reads for himself. So, after all, abuse it as we may, we could not do very well without the weather. It is a safe subject to start; a good thing to "lead up" with; a topic on which everyone must have a personal interest; and therefore a most useful institution. As it is, the Briton is proverbially taciturn to strangers; without the weather to talk about, he would probably relapse into utter silence.—*London Figaro.*

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An anonymous donor has given £1,000 to the National Consumption Hospital at Ventnor.

The death is announced of the Dowager Viscountess Hereford. She was the daughter of Mr. George Ravenscroft, and was married on the 25th of November, 1841, to the Rev. Robert Devereux, 15th Viscount Hereford, honorary canon of Durham Cathedral, who died in 1855. Her ladyship was the mother of the present peer.

THE WOMEN'S FRANCHISE.—The Marquis of Lorne, when he first presented himself to the electors of Dunoon as a candidate for a seat in Parliament in February, 1868, announced that he would vote in favour of giving the franchise to women. The sympathies of the Princess Louise are understood to be warmly enlisted in the cause of the elevation of the condition of her sex.

An experimental 16-pounder muzzle-loader field gun on the Frazer principle is now in course of construction at Woolwich. It is designed for a competitive trial with a bronze gun, with which it is to correspond in weight, length, bore, rifling, weight of projectile, and charge of powder. The weight is to be 12 cwt., the bore 3-6in., weight of projectile 16lb., and the charge of powder 3lb.

A new screw Frigate to be called the Raleigh will shortly be commenced at Chatham Dockyard. This vessel, which will be of 3,210 tons, with engines of 800-horse power, will be constructed of iron sheathed with wood. The Raleigh is to be of the Inconstant class, and in the navy estimates the ship was put down to be advanced equivalent to 646 tons, at an expenditure of £25,840, in the current financial year.

A prison warder at Pentonville Gaol, named Marshall, was tried on Monday at the Central Criminal Court, for obtaining money under false pretences. He had under his charge a convict named Taylor, to whose parents he went with a letter, purporting to come from their son, asking for money to procure tobacco and other indulgences. This was given to Marshall, who, however, applied it to his own use. Another charge related to a similar transaction as to a convict named Whitney. The jury, however, acquitted the prisoner.

DEATH OF MR. C. W. MARTIN, M.P.—Mr. Charles Wykeham Martin, M.P. for Newport, died on Sunday morning. The deceased gentleman unsuccessfully contested Newport in 1837, but represented the borough as a Conservative from 1841 to 1858. In the last-named year he was defeated, but in 1865 he came forward as a Liberal, and was returned at the head of the poll. In 1868, when the borough returned only one member, he was elected without opposition. He sat for West Kent from April, 1857, to January, 1859. The Conservatives of Newport will bring forward Mr. R. W. Kennard, Mr. Martin's former colleague, to supply his place. The Liberal candidate has not yet been named.

MURDER BY TWO BOYS AT GATESHEAD.—Two boys, named Thomas Keeney, 16, and Ralph Simpson, 17, were charged at the Gateshead Police-court on Monday with causing the death of Hannah Robson, forty years of age, by throwing her into the river Tyne. On Sunday week the prisoners were with the deceased on the Gateshead Quay, and refusing to return threepence which the boys had given her, they got her close to the edge of the quay wall, pushed her over, and immediately made off. A sailor, aroused by the woman's screams, endeavoured to save her, but failed. The body was recovered seven days after. The prisoners were remanded for a week.

CAPTURE OF AN ESCAPED PRISONER.—The man Squires, who escaped on Monday morning from Hertford Gaol, was recaptured between seven and eight o'clock the same night. On leaving the prison, Squires made for a succession of woods leading to Potter's Bar. When passing through Brooklands Park, at Hatfield, he was seen by two of the Herts County Constabulary, who gave chase for some distance, but they did not succeed in coming up with their prey. Within fifty yards of this narrow escape Squires seems to have lain in the woods untill dusk, when he recommenced his journey towards London, but on reaching Potter's Bar he ran into the arms of three policemen, who were anticipating his arrival in that neighbourhood. After a sharp struggle, Squires, who was much exhausted, was secured, and conveyed back to his old quarters in Hertford Gaol, at half-past ten o'clock the same night.

MURDEROUS OUTRAGE.—The police of Devonshire are scouring the county in search of two navvies who, on Saturday night, committed a brutal assault upon Police-constable Jones, stationed at Barnstaple. The men had been employed on the Devon and Somerset Railway, now in the course of construction, and were returning with two others to Barnstaple, when they called at the Castle Inn, in the village of Laudkey, and asked to be served with beer. The landlord, seeing that they were the worse for liquor, refused to comply with the demand, when they became exceedingly insolent, and declared that they would not leave till they were supplied. Sergeant Ridge, C.C., was sent for, and endeavoured to calm their violence, but with ltttle effect. He procured assistance and ejected the intruders, who thereupon became very uproarious, and the policeman deemed it his duty to follow them to Barnstaple, with a view to their apprehension. On arriving there Sergeant Ridge called at the police station, and obtained the aid of Police-constables Jones and Lord, who, with County Constable Ridd, proceeded to the house of Sergeant King, a retired soldier, where the navvies lodged. Abortive attempts were made to secure them, and in the scuffle that ensued the parties found themselves in the garden at the rear of the premises. By some means the policemen got separated, and on Ridge rejoining his companions they found Jones lying on the ground in the garden, and two navvies assaulting him, one chopping at his head with a hatchet, and the other belabouring him with a mattock. The poor fellow was rescued with difficulty, and conveyed to the infirmary in a shocking state, his face and head fearfully cut, and his skull beaten in. Scarcely any hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The full force of the recent destructive hurricane in Cuba did not reach Havannah.

Mr. C. Wordsworth, B.A., of Trinity College, has been elected a Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge.

A large number of Roman coins of the time of Vespasian and Augustus have been found in a quarry at Penmaenmawr.

In accordance with orders received from the Admiralty, all overtime in Chatham Dockyard ceased on Monday, and no men will again be employed extra hours unless the work to be done is very urgent.

It is believed that a large ship has been lost, with all hands, on a reef of rocks in St. Ives Bay, Cornwall. Some wreck, bearing the name Geneva, was picked up, and this has been identified as part of a vessel of that name belonging to Liverpool. She sailed on the 8th inst. for St. John's, N.B., and had on board a crew of 22 men, of whom no tidings have been heard.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF EDINBURGH.—The Edinburgh Water Trustees have resolved to promote a bill in Parliament next Session, authorizing them to bring a supply of water to the city from St. Mary's Loch, Selkirkshire. The cost of procuring a supply of 15,000,000 gallons of water per day has been variously essimated at from £400,000 to £600,000.

Professor Wyville Thomson, who for the last eight or nine years has occupied the Chair of Natural History in the Queen's College, Belfast, has been appointed by the Crown to be successor to Professor Allman in the corresponding Chair in Edinburgh University. Professor Thomson is well known in connection with his deep sea researches.

The infant Prince of the Heir Apparent to the Danish Crown was baptised on Monday in the Royal Chapel at Christiansborg. Their Danish and Swedish Majesties and all the members of the Royal Family passed through the gaily decorated and crowded streets from Amalienborg to the church. There was a large number of high functionaries. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Seelund Martensen. The Prince was named Christian Carl Frederic Albert Alexander Wilhelm. The Prince of Wales is one of the godfathers.

ROME.—The Italian laws with regard to the Press have been introduced at Rome with important modifications. In the first place, attacks and insults directed against the Pope and the Envoys of foreign Powers to the Holy See are assimilated to those against the King and Envoys accedited by him. In the second place, the provisions of the penal laws against the Press are inapplicable to printed documents emanating from the Pope or from the Ecclesiastical offices established for the exercise of the spiritual power. A preceding decree assimilates the person of the Pope to that of the King, as regards the crime of high treason.

MAZZINI. — A correspondent of the *Eastern Budget*, on the 21st ult. from Milan, says:—"Notwithstanding the great number of republicans still to be found in central and southern Italy, Mazzini seems to have completely lost his former influence among his countrymen. His arrest made not the slightest impression, and while he was in prison not one of his old partisans visited him. At Rome, whither he proceeded after his liberation, he was received with marked coldness, and the same was the case at Leghorn and Genoa. He was so disheartened by his reception at the two latter towns, where he was formerly almost worshipped as the apostle of liberty, that he has, I hear, determined again to go into exile."

THE ALLEGED SUICIDE OF COUNT BISMARCK'S SON.—Several weeks since a paragraph appeared in several of the London papers stating that one of the sons of Count Bismarck, an officer in the Prussian navy, serving on board the Danube, had committed suicide at San Francisco, by swallowing prussic acid. This paragraph was copied into the *Melbourne Argus*, and Mr. W. A. Brahe, Consul of the North German Confederation at Melbourne, writes to that journal, of September 10 (which arrived in London yesterday), a correction of that statement. He says:—"The story has arisen in the following way: A son of Count Beust, of Austrian celebrity, who served on board the Austrian frigate Donau (Danube), died lately of fever at Honolulu, where the Donau touched to refit after encountering a terrific cyclone in the Pacific. A French paper published the information, merely substituting a son of the great Prussian statesman for the name of the deceased, and now the poor young nobleman is said to have committed suicide. Count Bismarck has two sons, who both were students at the University of Bonn about four months ago, and are now probably fighting for their country. The Prussian navy has no vessel called the Danube or Donau."

AUSTRALIA AND THE WAR.—The news of the war has had its effect even in the antipodes in stimulating the Victorians to look after their defences.—The *Melbourne Argus* says:—Prior to the receipt of the war news all the troops of the line had left by the Corona, the various batteries in Hobson's Bay were in anything but a serviceable condition, the Nelson was occupied solely as a training ship; and, in fact, an enemy's vessel of war would have found us totally helpless and defenceless. The Government, however, at once took energetic action, and in a short time this will be altered. A permanent artillery corps, consisting of trained and experienced men, is being formed, and the volunteers, which number in all about 4,000 men, are to be turned into a militia, although for this the consent of Parliament, which is now sitting, will be necessary. The large 300-pounder and 80-pounder guns will be mounted with all possible expedition, the batteries will be placed in order, new earthworks constructed, and on Saturday the Naval Brigade will commence to drill on Board the Nelson, so as to be in a position to fight that ship should occasion arise. The volunteers are also going into barracks in detachments of 400 at a time, in order that they may become perfectly accustomed to all the routine of a soldier's life and duty. According to the latest accounts received, the Cerberus ought now to be on her way out, but even without that formidable ironclad we shall soon be in a position to give any emeny at all likely to pay the colony a visit a very warm reception.

GOSSIP.

A lady has left Mrs. Gladstone £1,000 for her orphanage at Woodford.

Madame Pauline Viardot has arrived in London for the season from Baden-Baden.

There is opera in Malta, where "Il Ballo in Maschera" has obtained considerable success.

Max Maretzek is organisiug a company to give opera during the coming season in New York.

It is announced that the *Rock* will henceforth appear as a weekly paper, in an altered shape.

From the *Orchestra* we learn that Herr Ferdinand Ludwig has returned to town from Germany.

The *Musical Standard* says that Madame Schumann has fixed her residence definitively at Berlin.

Mr. T. W. Robertson's new comedy for Mr. Sothern—"Birth"—will probably be re-wrirten for London.

"War" is, we understand, the title of the comedy by Mr. Robertson in preparation at the St. James's Theatre.

Johann Strauss is writing an operetta on "Ali Baba," for production in Vienna at the *Theater an der Wein.—Orchestra.*

Mr. George Moore, LL.D., the eminent lawyer and literary writer has died rather suddenly at his residence at Edinburgh.

Gottschalk's remains were brought to New York on the 21st ult., and received final interment in Greenwood Cemetery.

Mr. Proctor, with a good stock company, opened at Sacramento City during fair week, and has done remarkably well.

Mr. Emmett has attracted crowded houses to the National Theatre, Washington, by his clever impersonaiion of "Fritz."

Mr. Laurence Barrett produced a new comedy entitled "Pluck," by Mr. De Leon, at the Opera House Pittsburgh, on the 26th ult.

Why does the *Cheltenham Times* add to its title "and *Musical Record?*" We can't find a line of musical intelligence in the paper.

The *Athenæum* intends to commence shortly a series of sketches under the general title of "Dramatists of the Present Day."

The *debut* of Signor Marini as Arturo, in Bellini's "Puritani," at the opening of the Moscow Italian Opera House was highly successful.

The *Musical Standard* hears that nearly all the large choral societies of the United States are preparing to celebrate the "Beethoven Centennial."

The Romance dialect of South Tyrol is being illustrated by Mr. Christoper Schneller. The first part of his work has lately appeared at Gera.

A four-act drama, by Mr. Burnand, will shortly be produced at the Adelphi, together with a new comic drama, in which Miss Furtado will reappear.

The *Hornet* says a dirty fever-nest at High Street, Islington, known as Rose and Crown Court, is to be demolished, to make room for a good play-house.

It is said that the "Diary of a Besieged Resident," which appears in the *Daily News*, is from the pen of Mr. Labouchere, the late member for Middlesex.

Mdlle. Nilsson, with the aid of the Handel and Haydn Society, will give four oratorio performances in Boston (U.S.) during November, and four more in January.

The *Musical Standard* says that Mr. Mapleson, whose want of success has been the theme of some remark, has been trying his fortune with opera at Birmingham.

A recent visitor to Harris's community on Lake Erie, of which Mr. Lawrence Oliphant is a member, found them erecting a railway tavern and excavating wine cellars.

We understand that Dr. Westley's forthcoming "European Psalmist" is dedicated "by special permission" to her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.—*Musical Standard.*

Miss Lucy Rushton has appeared at Aiken's Museum, Chicago, up to the 1st inst., as Rosalind, in "As You Like It," and also in the sensational drama entitled "Red Hands."

A statement is current that an eminent London publisher has offered £10,000 for the exclusive right, for ten years, of publishing the revised version of the Bible now in progress.

We hear that Mdlles. Celestine, Clara, and Blanche Gottschalk (sisters to the late L. M. Gottschalk), have left Europe for New York, where they propose giving a series of concerts.

Another attempt will be made next year to revive the "Ancient Concerts," which will have Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief, and Mr. Barnby as conductor.

The new theatres at San José and Petaluma, towns in the interior, are evidences of the growth of theatrical taste in California, and are spoken of as a credit to the different architects engaged.

The *Musical Standard* states that at Ghent the young artillerymen of the Civic Guard have given a capital concert in the Salle du Casino on behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers in the present war.

The final issue of the Ballad Society this year will be Part III. of Mr. William Chappell's edition of the Roxburghe Ballads, completing Vol. I. It is all in type, and will be ready for delivery early next month.

The "Rock" Newspaper has been enlarged, and placed under new editorial conduct, and more completely adapted to the family than heretofore. It is a consistent exponent of Evangelical Church of England principles.

The Germans have sent Dr. Holder, of Carlsruhe, to see if he can recover any fragments of the great Strasburg Library that they have burnt. As might be anticipated, the work of destruction had been effectually performed.

Mr. Holman Hunt, who is still in Jerusalem, has made good progress with the picture which has for some time past occupied his attention. He will probably visit England for a short time in a few months.—*Athenæum.*

Mr. Edwin Booth closed his engagement at M'Vicker's Theatre, Chicago, on October 1st. During the week he appeared in "The Fool's Revenge," "King Lear," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Katherine and Petruchio."

It is to pe regretted that the success of a complimentary *matinee* to Mrs. Fanny Young Daniels, who was bereaved lately by the loss of her husband, was not what it should have been, owing to the want of energy on the part of those who projected it.

An entirely new edition, so the New York *Nation* says, with revisions and additions, of Mr. Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," will soon appear; also, a sequel to the foregoing, entitled "Passage to India," and, in prose, "Democratic Vistas," by the same author.—*Athenæum.*

Miss Glyn's first reading in America took place in the Fremont Temple, Boston, in presence of a distinguished audience, including Longfellow, Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. "Antony and Cleopatra" was the play selected. It is to be followed by "Hamlet," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," and "King John." The reading was a complete success.—*Athenæum.*

Mdlle. Colonna and her troupe of dancers are about to appear at the Globe Theatre.

The second part of Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust" will appear next spring.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons concluded her engagement at Wood's Museum on the 1st, where she gave, during the week, representations of "'Twixt Axe and Crown," "As You Like It," "King Rene's Daughter," and "The Honeymoon." On the 3rd the Kiralfy Pantomime and Ballet Company appeared.

In consequence of recent events, Liszt hesitates to take up his abode again in Rome. He is attracted by Weimar, where he receives two thousand thalers as Director General of the Court Concerts, and will remain in Hungary if the episcopal clergy (who still hesitate) will accord him the title of Director General of Music of the Roman Catholic Church in Hungary with a stipend of four thousand florins.

LONGEVITY.—The latest return of deaths at different ages in England and Wales shows that in the year 1868 there were registered the deaths of 178 men and 383 women of the age of 95 years or upwards; and among them were 11 men and 52 women who were a hundred years or up-upwards. The oldest man dying in the year was 111; the oldest woman was 114. It does not appear, however, that the registrars take any steps to ascertain the truth of the representations made to them of the ages of the persons whose deaths are registered. Canadian papers have very recently announced the death, in the township of Downie, of one Mrs. M'Donnell at the age of 111; and the editor of the Stratford *Beacon* has taken some pains to investigate the truth of the statement. He has ascertained that she was married in 1775, and that her husband fought at the beginning of the American war of independence, and at its close went to Canada, and, as a Loyalist, received a grant of land in the township of Matilda. She was fond of telling her recollections of the war. She was the mother of fourteen children, the eldest of whom, aged 94, is still living in the State of New York. If her age was 111, she must have been married at 16; but some of her children say that she was 20 when she married, and consequently 115 when she died.

ENGLAND AND THE CRISIS.—While in every other circle of society, from the highest to the lowest—among the educated classes equally with the uneducated—in the working man's cottage as keenly as in the nobleman's hall—there is an intense feeling of horror and pity for all that is going on in France, our Ministry go about amusing themselves, in Scotland, at their country seats, or by the sea-side, without so much as sitting in council to consider whether any or what steps can be taken to stay the carnage. Is there no man of courage and clearness enough of vision among them to see and take measures for enforcing some sense of moral right in the exasperated combatants? Are we condemned to look on till either France shall become a desert, or the German armies, cut off by disease and assassination, melt utterly away? Has not Europe had enough, and more than enough, of suffering to last it for a generation at least? We quite admit that the right which we could at one time assert to give a tone to European politics on all great questions affecting the balance of power has long gone from us. We have become of late so entirely engrossed with what we call our own affairs—re-modelling our institutions, re-casting our laws, disgusting our colonies, flattering our mobs—that public men seem to have forgotten that nations, like individuals, cannot long exist in a state of isolation. And our neighbours, understanding this, and seeing how powerless we are to act, have ceased to pay more heed than suits their own convenience to our wishes when we express them. But the wisdom, indeed the necessity, of putting a speedy stop to a state of things which outrages humanity as much as it brings disgrace upon their common Christianity, cannot but so present itself to the rest of the neutral Powers that a word of encouragement from us, rightly uttered, could hardly fail of bringing them to understand their duty. For two facts are obvions enough: France has no chance, by herself, of obtaining better terms than Prussia has just offered to her; and France, in the interests of the rest of the civilized world, must not be reduced to the condition of a second-rate power. But what is the use, governed as we now are, of writing or talking thus? God help us in our own strait, when it comes! as come it may at any moment. For, verily, the destinies of the Empire will have little, in the future, to cheer us, if the guidance of affairs be long left in the hands which now, unhappily, misdirect them.—*Blackwood.*

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.—The *Globe* says Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes every other cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, delicate aroma, and all the concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For homœopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage.—Sold in packets only, by all grocers, Sole proprietors, Taylor Brothers, London. [76

WAR MAPS.—One of the best War Maps published, is that presented through the medium of the Grocers, by the manufacturers of the Glenfield Starch, to all purchasers of that article. Grocers may have them by applying direct. [710

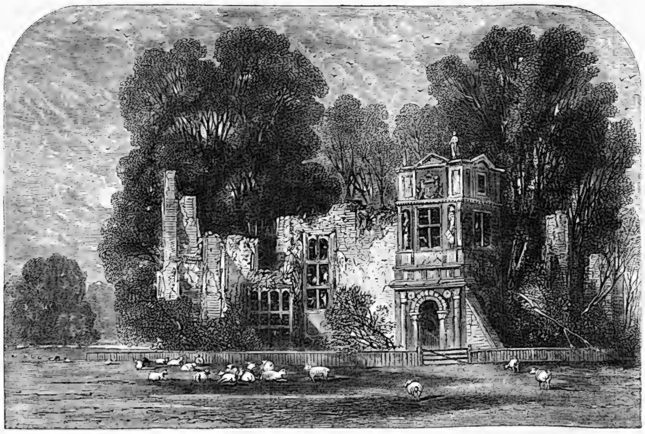
PURE WATER.—ALFRED BIRD, Experimental Chemist, begs to announce that he has perfected his new CARBON FILTER, price 7s. 6d. each, which he guarantees shall deliver 60 gallons of the purest water daily.—To be seen in action at 69, Worcester Street, Birmingham. [930

ONE BOTTLE DID IT. — That is the expression of many who have had their grey hair restored to its natural colour, after using one bottle of MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S World's Hair Restorer. It is not a dye, it can do no harm. Every one who has used this preparation speaks loud in its praise. If you wish to restore your hair as in youth, and retain it through life, without delay procure this preparation. Sold by all Chemists. Depot, 266, High Holborn, London. [32

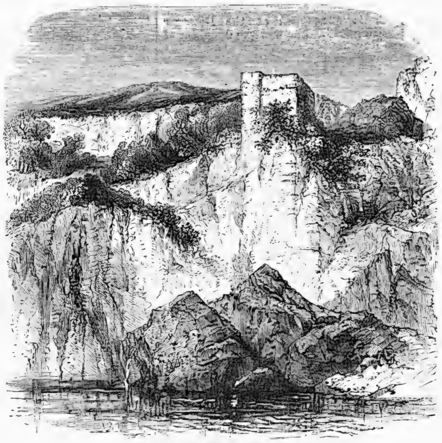
WATKIN'S TOILET CLUB, 6, Union Street.—Hair Cutting and Shampooing, 6d. Particular attention paid to the Hair Cutting, Clean Brushes and Towels. A large Stock of Headdresses, Plaits, Wigs, Braids, Fronts, &c., to select from. Orders taken are executed on the shortest notice; great care taken in matching the colour. Pomades, Lime Juice, Perfumes, Sponges, Combs, and Brushes in stock at the lowest price. N.B.—A large quautity of Perfume Fountains from 1d. to 1s. [95

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist, and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately: it is perfectly harmless: it produces natural quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the owels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes.—Sold by all medicine vendors at 1s. 1½d. per bottle. [694

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—During piercing winds and excessive variations of temperature every one is more or less liable to internal and external disease. Throat, chest, liver, bowels, kidneys, and skin all suffer in some degree, but may be relieved by rubbing in this Ointment, aided by proper doses of the Pills, for administering which full directions accompany each box; in truth, any one who thoroughly masters Holloway's 'instructions" will, in remedying disease, exchange the labour of an hour for the profit of a lifetime. All bronchial, pulmonary, and throat disorders require that the Ointment should be thoroughly well rubbed upon the skin twice a day with considerable briskness, and great persistence and regularity. [42



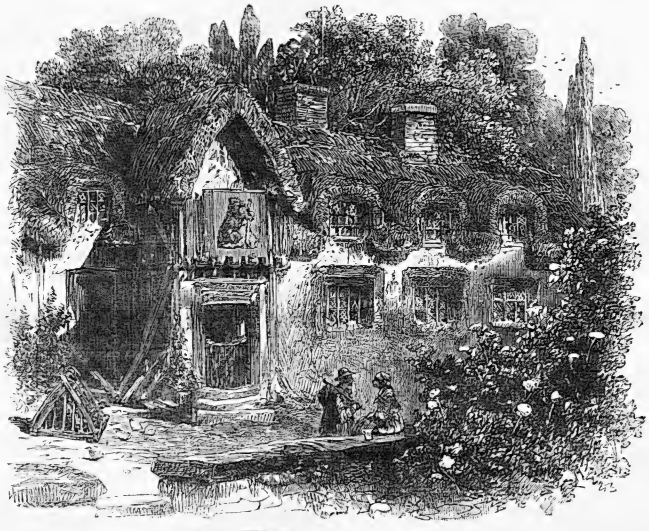
REMAINS OF LORD BACON'S HOUSE, GORHAMBURY PARK.



A DEVONSHIRE SKETCH.

REMAINS OF LORD BACON'S HOUSE.

He who visits St. Alban's to see Lord Bacon, as it were, in the flesh, must bring a well-filled mind with him. Let us see, then, what a residence in the place, and no lack of reading or diligence will accomplish in furnishing others with what we know ourselves touching the man Bacon, when at home. Of his habits of life, his biographers, in the penury of their knowledge, have told literally nothing. What there is remaining that he must have seen and saw are these. First and foremost, the mute unchanging glory of the eternal hills; then the site and ruins of Roman Verulam, rich in Roman tiles and Roman coins. Then his own house, illustrated on this page, now a ruin, not from the hands of Time, but from the hands of a Grimston; one who bore the title of England's great Lord Chancellor, by another creation and from another king; one whose descendants—the Grimstons, Earl of Verulam—sold the "materials" of Bacon's Gorhambury and live on a different site in the larger Gorhambury House of the reign of George III., which Bacon, of course, never saw, and would have cared so little to have seen. For a general view of the land in which Lord Bacon lived and died, it is best to ascend the great tower of St. Alban's Abbey and look around. A goodly prospect lies before one, of hill and dale, and wood and lawn, fields of waving corn, rich pasturage for sheep, wild and waste lands, threaded by a narrow stream, the Ver, which winds its way, at its own sweet will, into the river Colne, and by the Colne into the Thames, and so by the Thames into that world of waters, not the German sea alone, bat the wild ocean itself. Here, at your feet, lie two of the foundation-stones of the exquisite Cross, where rested the body of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., on its way to Waltham and Westminster Abbey. It was one of twelve crosses so erected, the most touching memorials ever set up by any widower of any wife. In the distant glades, now chequered with sunshine and shade, ran the stately *hart* of Hertfordshire. Here Peter the Wild Boy ran wild in woods, a savage of the human species; here, at our feet, is the scene of the first battle of St. Alban's; there, and not far off, the scene of the second; further south lies the field of Barnet; here then, as in a ring fence, were fought three of the decisive battles of the long Lancastrian "jars" of heroic England. Here we have Queen Margaret of Anjou; there the King-maker, Earl of Warwick. Hitchin-wards, was born George Chapman the poet, the learned shepherd of fair Hitchin-hill, and the earliest translator of Homer into English. At Berkhampstead, to the west, was born William Cowper, the poet of "The Task," and of other noble works, not for an age, but for all time. To your right lies Ware, with its great bed of honour (ask Shakspeare and George Farquhar) and Ware Park, memorable as the residence of King Charles I.'s Sir Richard Fanshaw, the earliest translator of Camoens; whose more than charming wife—a Harrison by birth—lived at Balls, a little to the east of Ware. Who knows not Argentile and Curan, in Percy's Ballads? Its author, William Warner, is buried at Amwell, to the south of Ware—the very Amwell which the Quaker John Scott has celebrated in one of the very best of our local poems.



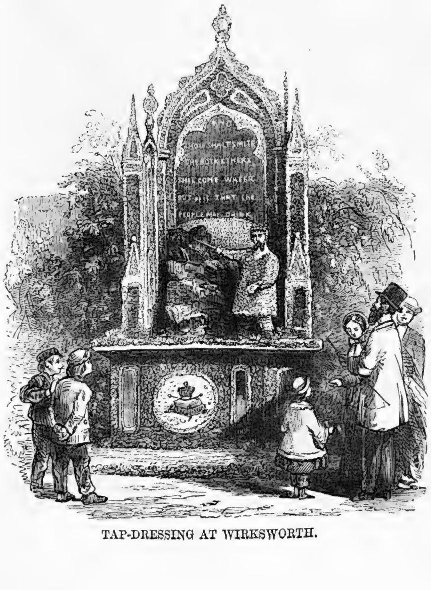
CUMNOR: THE BEAR AND RAGGED STAFF INN.

TAP-DRESSING AT WIRKSWORTH.

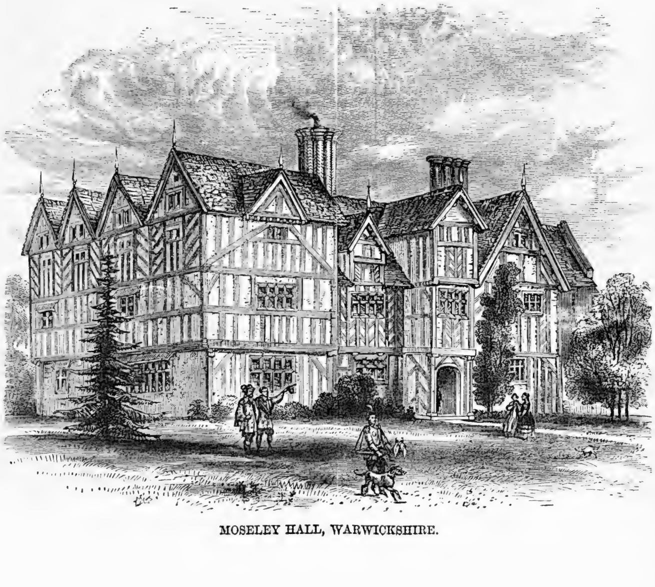
In various parts of Derbyshire a singular custom prevails, which is called tap-dressing, or sometimes well-dressing. We gave an engraving a week or two ago, our readers will remember, in illustration of a well-dressing at Tissington. We this week give an illustration of a tap-dressing at Wirksworth. The tap is a tableau of Moses striking the rock. The figure of Moses and all the accessories of the scene are composed of clay, but covered entirely with flowers. The complexion of Moses was produced (a singular coincidence) by the petals of the Mount Tabor Peony. His vesture was of violets; but his hair and beard were the greatest success. Composed of dark moss, the effect might have excited jealousy in the breast of Mdme. Tussaud. To borrow the language of the playbills of our minor theatres, the illusion was completed by "real water." When the rod of Moses rested on the rock, a sufficient stream trickled from early morn to dewy eve. The visitor to Matlock will reach Wirksworth after a beautiful drive of about two miles. It is a quaint little town, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills with dark plumes of waving firs upon their crests, and sides clothed with softer foliage which mingles at last with the apple-blossoms of the gardens.

CUMNOR.

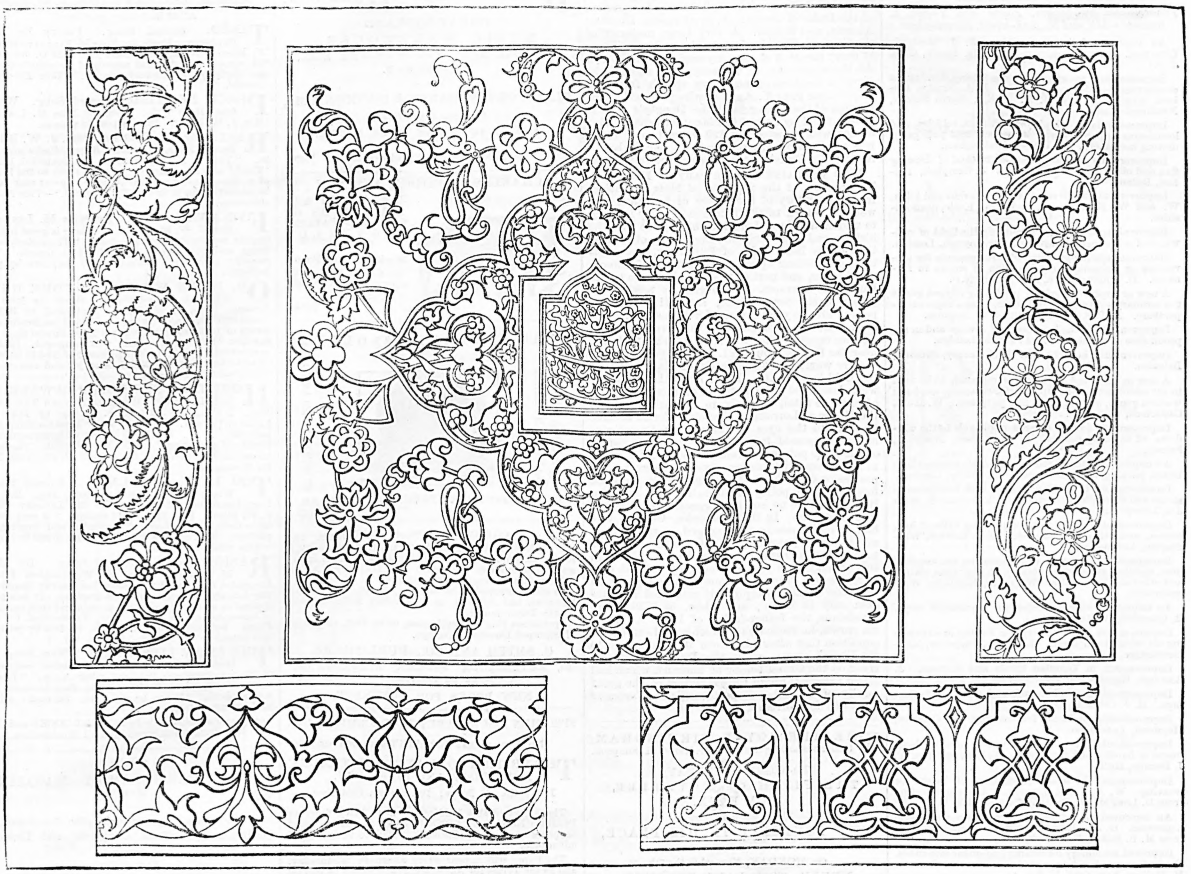
In a previous number we gave an illustration of Cumnor Church, and promised our readers an engraving of the Bear and Ragged Staff Inn, which will now be found in the centre of this page. The pedestrian will find the quaint old Inn, on his way from Oxford to Cumnor, along the Seven Bridge Road. On arriving, if he be so inclined, he may sit on the wall like the good woman in our engraving, and indulge in the "flowing bowl."



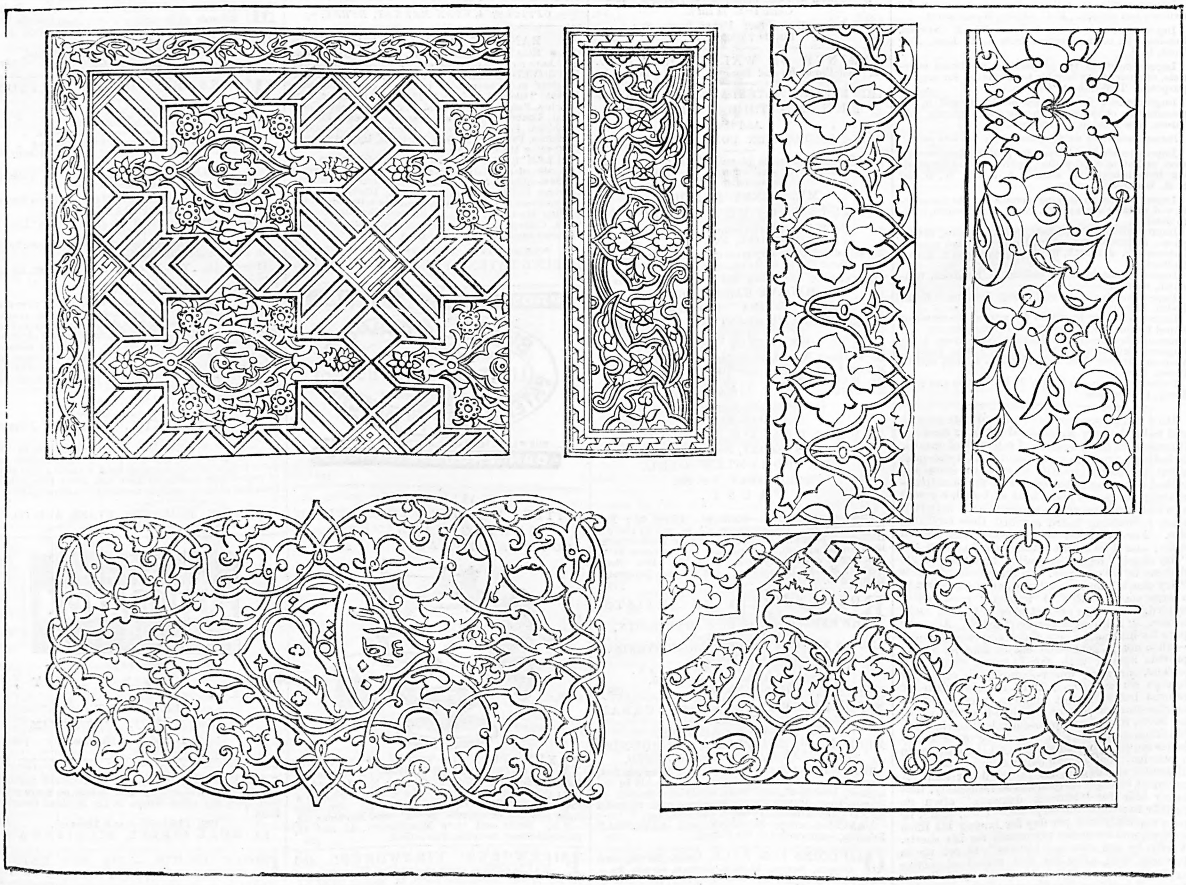
TAP-DRESSING AT WIRKSWORTH.



MOSELEY HALL, WARWICKSHIRE.



PERSIAN.



PERSIAN.

THE A. B. C. OF ORNAMENTAL DESIGN.—*(See page 282.)*—TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW PATENTS.

(Contributed by Messrs. Payne and Talbot, 1, Bennett's-hill, and 56, Ann-street, Birmingham.)

An improved hoisting machine. J. J. McComb, Liverpool. (A communication from H. Reedy, Ohio, U.S.)

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Improvements in let-off mechanism of looms for weaving. W. R. Lake, London. (A communication from D. Long and J. Preston, Pennsylvania, U.S.)

An improved recording pressure gauge and alarm apparatus. G. Haseltine, London. (A communication from M. B. Edson, New York, U.S.)

Improved machinery for cutting loaf-sugar into cubes. W. E. Newton, London. (A communication from G. H. Mollers, New York, U. S.)

Improvements in machinery for making banding. T. Unsworth, Manchester, and E. Whaller, Preston, Lancashire.

Improvements in railway locking apparatus for switches and signals. R. C. Rapier, Westminster.

Improvements in steam boilers. W. E. Newton. London. (A communication from J. B. Root, New York, U. S.)

Improvements in the preparation of fibrous materials, to render them suitable for use as lint for surgical purposes. T. Westhorp, London.

Improvements in twist-lace machines, and in the manufacture of lace made on twist-lace machines. W. Tilson, New London, Nottingham.

(Patents upon which the £50 Stamp Duty has been paid).

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Improvements in gas lamps. T. W. Ingram and E. C. Kemp, Birmingham.

How Soldiers are Fed.—The dinner may be said to be the only staple meal a soldier receives. It consists of three-fourths of a pound of meat—including a proportionate quantity of bone—and about the same quantity of potatoes (these are cooked according to the wishes of the men themselves); one pound and a half of bread, a pound of which is of the coarse commissariat material, more resembling baked sawdust than anything else. For breakfast he gets something named *coffee;* and if he wants butter to help down the "dry chuck," as soldiers call it, he must provide that out of his own pay. In the evening he gets "dry chuck," and something called *tea* boiled in a large copper; this is termed "good water spoiled." Soldiers are not slow in finding nicknames. "A'n't we sogers well fed?" After he pays for his food he gets about sixpence per day—when not in debt—and out of that he has to provide himself with shirts, socks, caps, shell jackets, drawers, under-flannels, an outfit for foreign service—which is of no use when he returns but to almost make a present of to marine-store dealers, or rag-shop keepers—repair his boots, find gloves, pipe-clay, bathbrick, soap, blacking, oil for his rifle, and many other necessaries required in soldiering. All these things in a year leave but a small balance for his clear pay. His outer clothing he has provided for him. A regiment changes its quarters so frequently, that heavy bills for "barrack damages" often go further to reduce the sixpence. Then, again, he pays one halfpenny per day for having his linen washed, and twopence per month for his sheets. Verily, he can save a "fortune" to set up in business with after his first period of service expires!—*From "Life in the Ranks by a Private Soldier," in "Cassell's Magazine" for November.*

The Spanish Throne.—The following Powers have already favourably replied to the nomination of the Duke of Aosto:—Italy, Prussia, England Austria, and Russia. A very large majority of the Cortes is likewise favourable to him. There at every prospect of a stormy session of the Cortes. At the reopening on Monday, the signal was given in the form of an angry speech from the Republican Paul Y. Angulo, who proposed a suspension of the sitting until the Deputy's powers were ratified by appeal to his constituents. This motion was rejected by 129 votes to 5. There was no Government reference to the Duke D' Aosta; The Duke's candidature is much approved.

How Lorraine became part of France.—The history of the republic of Metz is distinct from the history of the dukes of Lorraine, and we must return to the fifteenth century in order to understand how Lorraine enters first into the history, and afterwards into the domain of France. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was ambitious of building up an empire between Germany and France, and part of this empire was to be the Duchy of Lorraine. He began by seizing the person of the young duke, René II., and compelling him to yield certain fortresses, and a free road through Lorraine for his troops. But Charles encountering a serious check at Heuss, near the Rhine, Louis XI. encouraged René to declare war, and at the battle of Nancy Charles the Bold lost his life. From René II. the Guises were descended; the ambition of this family was afterwards fatal, not only to themselves, but to the House of Lorraine. French uniforms became familiar to the eyes of Lorrainers; French signatures appeared frequently in the State papers of the little palace at Nancy. Louis XIV. came to the throne with his eyes fixed on Lorraine, the possession of which had been gradually prepared for him by the policy of Richelieu and Mazarin. But there were no sudden aggressions, as in the case of Alsace. In 1662 the duke, Charles, who had no legitimate issue, arranged, in return for a ready-money payment, that Lorraine should go to the French crown after his death. Although this arrangement was not actually carried out, Lorraine was from that time completely cut off from the German Empire; it remained a dukedom only in name; and when, in 1736, King Stanislaus, the father-in-law of Louis XV., lost his crown, he received the Duchy of Lorraine on condition that after his death it should pass to the French crown, while the Duke of Lorraine received the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, which had fallen vacant through the extinction of the great family of Medici.—*From Cassell's "Illustrated Travels" for November.*

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TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY),
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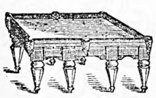

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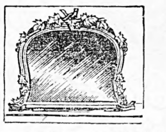

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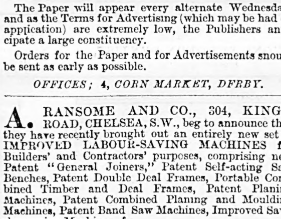

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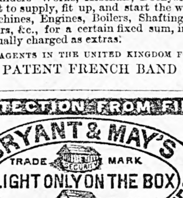

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CARPENTERS' TOOLS, in greatest variety, and of best quality, may be had at lower prices than from any other House in the Midland Counties, from
ROUTLEDGE (late Thomas), [626
23, BULL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

CIGAR LIGHTS. — The New PATENT PENCIL CIGAR LIGHT. Send Twenty-five Stamps to A. R. THOMAS'S Magical Repository, 99, NEW STREET, Birmingham. [82

THE
GREAT WESTERN HOTEL,
(Snow Hill Station.)
BIRMINGHAM.

"One of the most elegant, comfortable, and economical Hotels in the three kingdoms."—*The Field*, July 31 [691

SUFFIELD'S DINING ROOMS
AND
LUNCHEON BAR,
UNION PASSAGE, BIRMINGHAM.
[754

TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE THE TEETH, USE
HAMPSON'S
FLUODENTINE,
OR LIQUID DENTIFRICE. Three or four drops on the moistened brush is sufficient for one application. It cleanses the enamel, hardens the gums, and sweetens the breath. Invaluable to Smokers. See Dr. Hassall's Report and Medical Testimonials. Sold in bottles at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. each, by Chemists and Perfumers generally, and by R. Hampson, Chemist, 63, Piccadilly, Manchester.

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All the protected private Stations, Walls, Boards, and Hoardings. Charges strictly moderate. Established 1825. [601

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WATER FILTERS, PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLES,
TERRA COTTA CHIMNEY TOPS, VASES, PENDANTS,
FLOWER POTS, GARDEN EDGING, &c.,
At Greatly Reduced Prices, Manufactured by
DOULTON AND CO,
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May be had Wholesale and Retail at their Depot,
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BIRMINGHAM.
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COMPANY,
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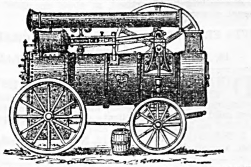
BIRMINGHAM.
Prices, &c., sent post free. [503



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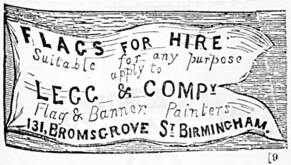

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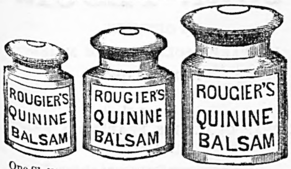

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Prepared only by J. ROUGIER, Wholesale Perfumer, 55, UNION PASSAGE, Birmingham. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 2s. and 3s. each. N.B.—Every known Article for the Toilet always on Stock. [37

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610] GEO. W. LOVELL, *Secretary.*

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NEWEST & MOST ARTISTIC DESIGNS,
THE PRICES BEING THE SAME AS AT
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Messrs. DAVIS, AGENTS. [983

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FAMILY SHOE WAREHOUSE,
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"TOM HOOD" DOMESTIC SEWING
MACHINE.
This Machine is acknowledged to be the best Hand Machine yet invented. Price, £4 4s.
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June 1st, 1870. [793

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ARTIFICIAL TEETH, BY
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FROM 3s. 6d. A TOOTH. [63

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AND UNDERTAKERS,
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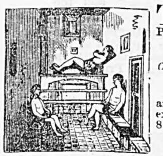
[655



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FURNITURE
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AND PIERCERS,
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ONE GUINEA
TWEED WATERPROOF
CLOAKS AND COSTUMES.
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THURSDAY, November 10th; and on
THURSDAY, November 24th.
Sales by Auction every Thursday; by Private Treaty, Daily. [35

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AN
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Of all Booksellers, and at all Railway Stations; or, direct from the Publishers,
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AVE MARIA LANE,
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BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 stamps. [573

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WATCH MANUFACTORY,
Wholesale and for Exportation,
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[679

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Cigar Cases, Photographic Receptacle Ladies' Companions. Business Card Cases.
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BEFORE
PURCHASE

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[511

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BLACK SILKS, Deep and Half Mourning Dresses of Every Description.
SHAWLS, MANTLES, BONNETS, CAPS, and all kinds of Mourning Fancy Goods.
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WAR.—ORDER OF THE DAY.
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RIGHT ABOUT FACE! QUICK MARCH!
TO THE
GLOBE HAT WAREHOUSE for a Brilliant Smart HAT, the crowning point of a Gentleman's *personel.*
BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.
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MONEY.—From £100 to £3,000, various Sums, to be immediately ADVANCED, on approved Freehold or Leasehold Securities.—Apply to Mr. John Barnsley. Offices next the Queen's College, 36, Paradise Street, Birmingham. [866

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To assist suburban and remote customers, Messrs. JAY transmit patterns by post, or otherwise, and ladies may rest assured that the specimens and the goods will literally agree; and that in dealing with the old-established firm of Messrs. JAY they will buy at as cheap a cost as in any shop in London.

MESSRS. JAY have experienced Dressmakers and Milliners who act as Travellers, so that, in the event of immediate mourning being required, or any other sudden emergency for dress, one can be despatched to any part of the kingdom on receipt of letter or telegram, without any expense to the purchaser. All articles are marked in plain figures, and charges are the same as if the goods were bought for ready money at the warehouse in Regent Street.

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DRESSMAKING.	s.	d.
Making Dress, with plain Skirt	10	6
Making Dress with Tucks of Crape or Fancy Trimmings, from	14	6
Making Bodice and Mounting Skirt into band	7	6
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Mounting ditto ditto, with Black Silk Pocket	2	6
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Silk Body Lining	5	6
Silk Sleeve Lining	3	6
Silk Low Body and Sleeve Lining	5	6
Lawn Body Lining	1	6
Sleeve Lining	1	0
Silk Facing	1	10½
Petersham Ribbon for Banding	0	8
Petersham Waistband, Covered Crape and Rosette	2	6
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Tucker, Braid, and Trimmings Extra.

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247, 249, *and* 251, *REGENT STREET.*
JAYS'. [877

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FOR HORSES AND CATTLE.
COST, ONE HALFPENNY PER FEED
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
PALMER AND CO.,
39, *WILSON STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON.*
Delivered free everywhere.
One Cwt., equal to 800 Feeds, for 34s.
Testimonials, with sample, sent free on application.

Consumers testify that this is the best and most economical Cattle Food to be procured, as, irrespective of its condimental properties, the ground work, *being Pure Cocoa*, is in itself good market value. [68

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THE GREAT REMEDY of the day is Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE; a few doses will cure all incipient cases. Caution—The extraordinary medical reports on the efficacy of Chlorodyne renders it of vital importance that the public should obtain the "genuine," which is now sold under the protection of Government authorising a stamp bearing the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne," without which none are genuine. See decision of Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, the *Times*, July 16, 1864. Sold in bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., by all Chemists. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENRORT, 33, Great Russel Street, London, W.C.

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ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE, established by forty years' experience as the most effectual preservative of the Teeth and Gums. Sold universally, in pots at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each. None genuine unless signed Jewsbury & Brown, Manchester. [889

HAIR CURLING FLUID.—248, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.—ALEX. ROSS'S CURLING FLUID curls ladies' and gentleman's hair immediately it is applied. Sold at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; sent post-free for 54, 84, and 144 stamps. Had of all chemists. [13

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9.—"Army Organisation." By the Author of "Are we Ready?"
10.—Letter from Mr. Ruskin. [92

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Five pieces of Original Poetry.

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GREATLY IMPROVED SHUTTLE MACHINES FOR WORKSHOPS.
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AGENTS WANTED. [838

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It contains all the best-paying and safest Stock and Share Investments of the day.
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The Work will be from an Original Picture specially purchased for the purpose of this reproduction. There can be no question about the copyright of the work, and the Proprietors promise the Subscribers to the "ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS" a Picture the same size as "The Fisherman's Pride" and of surpassing interest.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The great demand for space in our Christmas Supplement last year induces us to give timely notice that our Christmas Number this year will excel the last in interest, and, no doubt, in circulation. No Advertisement will be received at less than 1s. 6d. a line, except in the case of contract advertisements appearing for a series of insertions.

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